Jester's Picnic.

"Bob, that is a fine horse you have there; what is he rth?"
"Three hundred and fifty dollars."
"No, not so much as that!"
"Yes, every cent of it, and another fifty on top of it."
"Are you sure?"
"Yes I'll swear to it."
"All right!"
"What are you so inquisitive for?"
"Merely for assessing purposes; I am assessor for this ard, and only wanted to know what you rated your g at."

A noted villain in Colonel Bailie Peyton's district, who s always a hard worker against the colonel, was ob-rved to be missing on election day.
"What's become of Bill Jones?" asked the candidate, f one of Bill's cronies.
"Well," responded the latter, "I believe he's been ut up, down in Georgia, for rough gambling."
"Rough gambling! what's rough gambling down in eorgia?"
"Why, cutting trunks off from behind stages and ch like."

A bottle-nosed loafer went into one of our barber-shops, e other day, and, after being shaved, handed the pro-ietor a red cent, upon which he was informed that the ice of shaving was a sixpence. Loafer replied very olly:
"I know it, and that (pointing to the cent) only lacks e cents of it! You aint a-going to stand for half a me!"
There was no appeal to this ludicrous view of the case. e barber said he was satisfied, and the customers ared with laughter.

A few nights since, a young lady and gentleman were scussing at a ball some of the persons present.
"What pretty girls!" said the gentleman, as two arming girls (sisters) passed them.
"Yes," said the lady; "pity they are consumptive! nd such horrid tempers, too; fight like cats and dogs at me, and yet when they go out, dress alike, and look as t butter would not melt in their mouths."

A lady occupying room letter B, at one of our hotels, rote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven, d if letter B says 'let us be,' don't let us be; nor let tter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be nable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to be on hand t half-past seven." The porter, a better boot-jack than rthographist, after studying the above all night, did not ow whether to wake letter B or let her be.

The following answer was made to a young lady who d sent her lover a kiss in a letter:

"Thanks to my little absent friend—
A kiss you in your letter send;
But ah! the thrilling charm is lost
In kisses that arrive by post;
That fruit can only tasteful be
When, gathered, melting, from the tree!"

A learned philosopher being in his study, a little girl me for some fire. Says the doctor, "but you have thing to take it in," and as he was going to fetch some-hing, the girl, taking some cold ashes in one hand, put e live coals on with the other. The astonished sage rew down his books, saying:
"With all my learning, I should never have found out at expedient."

"Is this good money?" said a man to a suspicious-oking wight who had made some small purchase of m.
"It ought to be good, for I made it myself," was the nswer.
With that, he took the man up for coining; but the an, in his defence, proved that he made the money by oot-making.

"Mr. Magistrate, I want to ask you one question. Has man got a right to commit a nuisance?"
"No, sir; not even the mayor."
"Then, sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested as a uisance—and as no man has a right to commit me, I ve for a non-suit."
The question has been carried up.

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose untry was the best living, the Welshman said:
"There is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I ave known a dozen cooks employed at one wedding nner."
"Ah," answered the Englishman, "every man toasted is own cheese."

A peasant went to his priest to confess having stolen ay from a large stack belonging to a neighbor.
"How many loads did you take?" asked the father nfessor.
"You may as well reckon the whole stack at once," id the peasant, "as I and my wife intend to fetch it all ay before we stop."

Flogging schoolboys may make them smart, but then is in the wrong place. If a boy has intellect, he will get ng without the cane. If, on the contrary, he is dull d stupid, pelting him over the head will make him not ambitious to overcome algebra as to overcome the hoolmaster.

"Doctor," said a person once to a surgeon, "my ughter has had a terrible fit this morning; she con-ued full half an hour without knowledge or under-tanding."
"O," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many ople continue so all their lives."

The Life of a "Gentleman."—He gets up leisurely—eakfasts comfortably—reads the paper regularly—esses fashionably—lounges fastidiously—eats a tart ravely—tattles insipidly—dines considerably—drinks perfluously—kills time indifferently—sups elegantly—es to bed stupidly—lives uselessly.

A reeling drunkard on meeting an acquaintance, ac-ted him thus:
"Well, colonel, I hear you can raise the evil one?"
"Yes," replied the colonel; and with his foot sent the unkard's basket, containing a jug of rum, twenty feet ove his head!

A late Cork paper contains the following advertisement: To let.—To a small family, the second loft of Mr. Mc-rmott's barn, with the privilege of the scuttle." For mall family who wants an airy location, we should ink this afforded very superior inducements.

A chap reading that Mexican files had been received in is city, went into a hardware store and asked to look at ne of them.
He is the brother of the man who inquired for a pound Liverpool dates, received by one of the steamships.

COCKNEY COUNSEL.

If you vants to get for'ard, vy, here's 'ow you vill,
Never know none that's in pocket a low body;
Vell—and I'll give you a betterer still—
Never do nothink—for nothink—for nobody.

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☞ It is just such a paper as any father, brother, or nd would introduce to the family circle.
☞ It is printed on the finest satin-surfaced paper, with w type, and in a neat and beautiful style.
☞ It is of the mammoth size, yet contains no adver-ements in its eight super royal pages.
☞ It is devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.
☞ It is carefully edited by M. M. Ballou, who has teen years of editorial experience in Boston.
☞ It contains in its large, well filled and deeply inter-esting pages not one vulgar word or line.
☞ It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.
☞ Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.
☞ It is acknowledged that the good influence of such per in the home circle is almost incalculable.
☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an in-ing spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.
☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring cs, its object being to make home happy.
☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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THE TIGER HUNTER:
—OR,—
THE WARRIOR PRIEST OF MEXICO.

A Story of Military Adventure.

BY LAWRENCE G. SPENCER.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PERILS OF DON RAFAEL.

That part of El Gaspacho's report relating to Colonel Tres Villas leaves no doubt as to the purpose of the eight horsemen we spoke of assembled in one of the clearings of the forest of the Ostuta. They were Arroyo's soldiers sent in pursuit of him. Still, if we remember what El Gaspacho said, there were then ten of them, and we find but eight.

Before relating how their numbers had been thus diminished, we must revert to the moment when Don Rafael left the battle-field of Huajapam. When the songs of victory chanted by Trujano's soldiers had ceased, Don Rafael reflected that, in making a solitary journey of thirty leagues, through a country almost wholly in a state of insurrection, his safety must depend on certain precautions. His embroidered uniform, his helmet, his whole equipment would render him too conspicuous. Besides this, he was badly armed; his long dragoon sabre had been broken during the battle; it was necessary to remedy all this at once.

He could neither undertake to penetrate his tent to seek fresh arms and a change of dress, nor could he hope that it had not been plundered like all those of the royalist camp. Still he retraced his steps, hoping that the field of battle itself would furnish what he needed. Nor was he mistaken. Without venturing too near the insurgents to run new risks, the colonel found, at the farthest point from Huajapam, where he and Caldelas had stood the charge of Morelos, a two-edged sabre to replace his own. He also changed his helmet for an insurgent's felt hat, on the band of which was the inscription *Independencia o' muerte* (Independence or death)! He tore off the motto, trampled it under foot, and put on the hat.

He also assumed, in place of his rich cavalry uniform, the jacket of an infantry soldier, and, thus equipped, though his accoutrement was rather odd, after having made sure that his pistols were in order in the holsters, he resumed the road, and resolutely pushed el Roncador forward.

We will not enter into a detail of all the precautions the colonel took to avoid falling in with parties of insurgents who were scouring the country; we will only say that he travelled in the night as much as possible. But travelling in the night did not present a complete means of safety, and more than once the colonel required all his courage and coolness to extricate himself from difficulty.

The evening of the third day of his departure, at twilight, he was near his house, and hoping to be in safety in a few minutes afterwards, when two vedettes of Arroyo's troop, who were besieging, or to speak more correctly, blockading del Valle, perceived him and rushed on him with the view of making him prisoner. Arroyo had ordered this course with every individual who made his appearance in the neighborhood of the hacienda.

Without knowing that he was dealing with the soldiers of a guerillero he had sworn to exterminate, Don Rafael was not the man patiently to endure so rude an attack from any quarter. We know how the two aggressors were received, only El Gaspacho had somewhat embellished the truth in his report.

One of them had his shoulder broken so near the heart, that he died two hours afterwards, and as for the second, before hurling him to the ground, the colonel had taken the preliminary precaution to drive his dagger between his shoulders. But though thus secure from all indiscretion on the part of these two bandits, the colonel had unluckily given the alarm by firing one of his pistols, and as the besiegers had received orders to keep a certain number of horses saddled and bridled night and day, a dozen riders had thrown themselves into the saddle on hearing the explosion.

The colonel had hesitated a moment, undecided whether to continue his course to the hacienda, or to retrace his steps and return again when the night grew darker, and this moment of uncertainty was the reason why the horsemen who mounted in pursuit, were able to see him, and why one of them, named Pepe Lobos, recognized him, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, at first by his air and figure, and then by the hoarse breathing of his charger.

The very hatred which Arroyo had conceived for the colonel was the means of saving his life on this occasion. A few carbine shots would doubtless have finished his adventures, if the hope of a large reward promised by the ferocious guerillero to the man who should bring him in alive, had not induced the horsemen to run the risk of his capture. The colonel, on their appearing, had taken flight before them, hoping in the midst of the thick wood he had just traversed, to find a shelter impenetrable to their horses.

He pushed his horse hard, and long before his pursuers, reached the winding road to Huajapam cut through the forest. He ascended this road at full speed, and when he judged himself sufficiently in advance of the horsemen, turned off abruptly into the deep woods, and did not halt until it was impossible to penetrate further into the thicket which barred his progress. He then turned his attention to finding a shelter where he could take a little rest unseen by his enemies, if they should continue the pursuit. A magnificent cedar-tree stood hard by, and he resolved to climb it, and though its enormous trunk did not permit him to clasp its circumference to raise himself to the branches, he accomplished his purpose by means of the strong parasitical plants which hung like cordage from the summit of the tree to the ground. The colonel placed himself in the best manner he could between two large branches, and prepared to wait for day before deciding what to do. He hoped either that his enemies, having lost his trail, would give up the pursuit, or they would dismount and disperse, to search for him on foot. In the latter case, outstretched behind trees, and protected by the thickets, he confided so much in his strength and courage, as not to despair of defeating them in detail.

Night had fallen, and the moon, from the high starry arch of heaven, poured a flood of light. Some of its rays, sweeping through the thick foliage, cast a feeble effulgence upon Don Rafael's retreat, like the evening twilight when day is dying from the heavens. The colonel bent an attentive ear to the slightest noise he thought he heard, but, save the murmur of the breeze among the leaves, and the distant cry of the jackals, save the voice of the mocking-bird and the slight rustling of the iguana over the dead leaves, all reposed in silence in the forest. The fresh and perfumed air Don Rafael breathed, the veil of night fallen on all around him, the imposing and solemn hush which enveloped him, everything seemed to invite a gentle sleep. He felt his eyelids insensibly grow weary, and soon an invincible torpor seized on his whole being. The man who is exhausted by fatigue of body or soul has need of rest; beneficent Providence sends him sleep to repair his strength. In its ineffable goodness, it sometimes sends it to the condemned prisoner on the night which precedes his punishment; and hence the explanation of the sleep of certain conquerors on the eve of the day on which they are to stake the empire of the world on the issue of a bloody battle.

Without being very greatly disturbed, the colonel thought prudence required him to keep awake. He struggled long but vainly against sleep. But sleep was the strongest. Then he twined around the branch of a tree and his body the long silken sash which officers of his grade still wear in his country, and which he had taken care to preserve by concealing it under his jacket. He had no sooner thus secured himself against the danger of a fall than he slept profoundly in his tree-top.

The greater part of the men enrolled in Arroyo's service were country-people, long accustomed to distinguish every sort of imprint on the soil, and, but for the night, they would not have passed the place where the colonel turned off from the beaten road into the wood without perceiving his trail. But by the uncertain light of the moon, which only shone upon the path through the interstices of the foliage, the person of the colonel and the track of his horse were alike invisible to their eyes.

It was only at a great distance beyond the first thickets behind which Don Rafael had disappeared that they instinctively halted. To plunge all together into the wood would have been to forfeit all chance of finding him they hunted, and, as the colonel had anticipated, they divided into couples. They laid out a certain radius to be explored, and, after having agreed to re-assemble at the end of a few hours in the clearing where they had dismounted, they separated to commence their scout.

Though they were very prudent about it, on account of the terrible reputation Don Rafael enjoyed, yet at first they performed their task conscientiously enough; but by degrees when their first ardor cooled, one idea suggested itself to them almost simultaneously. All had seen with what formidable ease the colonel had got rid of two of them, and they came to the conclusion they had done wrong in weakening their force by dividing it. Meanwhile, as they could not think of going to the clearing appointed for their meeting until a sufficient time had elapsed to save appearances, they continued their search, but with notable indifference.

"Caramba! a fine moonlight!" said Pepe Lobos, to his companion: "that puts me in mind—"

"That the colonel could see us plain enough," interrupted his companion.

"Pshaw! this accursed man is not to be found, and I think, since it's as light as day, you might as well teach me what you promised—the trick of bringing the card wanted to win an *albur* (at "monte"). I've got a bran new pack in my pocket."

"It's easier with an old pack—but as I'm willing to do the handsome thing by you, and this colonel is not to be found—I don't mind taking a hand with you—for a moment only."

"Only a moment—time enough to shuffle the cards." The two insurgents seated themselves on the moss in a place where the moon cast a bright light; Pepe Lobos produced his pack of cards, and the lesson began. It was so prolonged, through the teacher's ardor, and the pupil's docility, that the colonel had ample time to dream as much as he pleased before they thought of interrupting his sleep.

Two others of the scout were similarly lenient or indifferent.

"So, Suarez," said the first of these men to the other. "The captain promises five hundred dollars to him who will bring in the colonel alive?"

"Yes—five hundred dollars—quite a pile!"

"And in case of breaking a leg or arm without succeeding in taking him, would the captain give anything—think you?"

"Not that I know of—still, if one had a regula certificate—"

"From the colonel?"

"Of course."

"Hear me," said Suarez. "You have a family, and I'm a single man; and I think it would be unfair in me to take away your chance of getting five hundred dollars. Like a good comrade, I'll give you the entire chance of capturing the Satan of a colonel, who tosses a horseman out of his saddle as easily as if he were a six weeks' old kid."

And with these words, the bandit stretched himself on the grass.

"For two nights, I haven't slept," said he. "When it's time you can wake me up. Don't fail—otherwise I shall sleep till morning."

"Coward!" said Suarez, "I'll gain the reward alone."

He was not out of sight before his comrade was snoring.

Thus, out of ten men, three had given up the pursuit, while the following dialogue took place, at another point, between two others:

"*Demonio!* what a light the moon gives!" said one of them. "This infernal officer will be sure to see us."

"That would be a pity," said the other—"for he'd run away at the sight of us."

"Umph! I'm not so sure of that. He doesn't seem to like retreating."

"Did you see with what strength he lifted Panchito Jolas out of his saddle?"

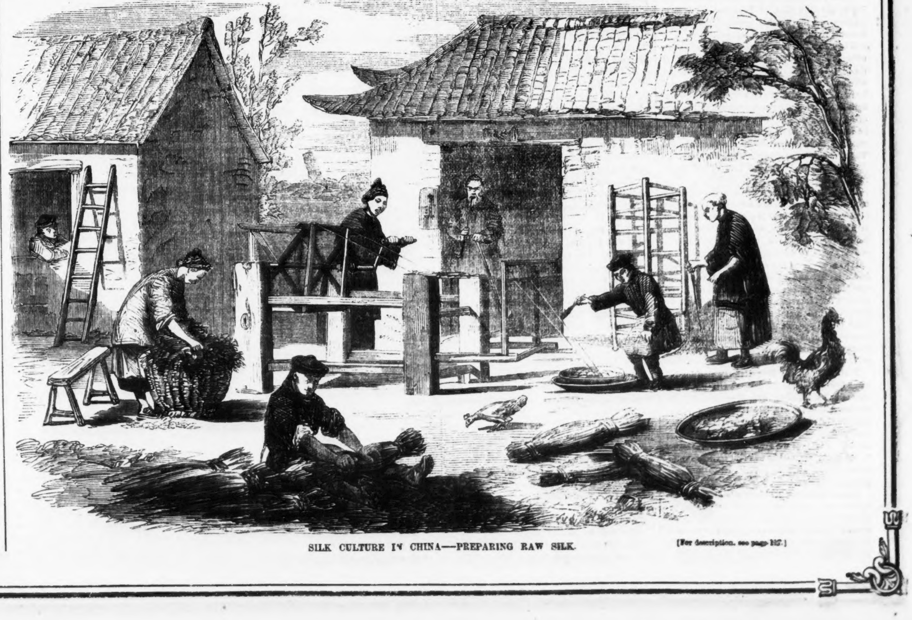
"I have had some tumbles from a horse, but I can't think of poor Jolas without a shudder. *Ave Maria!* Did you hear nothing?"

The two bandits listened, much more frightened than Don Rafael, who continued to sleep in his tree. It was only a false alarm, but the two comrades who had just betrayed their wholesome dread of the formidable colonel, had so completely unmasked themselves to each other, that they agreed without any false shame to regain the clearing designed as a rendezvous, where they would run no risk of the man they were in pursuit of.

The four others continued their search with such lukewarmness, in consequence of their well-founded apprehension of the courage and athletic vigor of Don Rafael, that, three or four hours afterward, eight out of ten horsemen met in the clearing alluded to in the preceding chapter, without having any achievement to boast of. As for the two others, who were not present, the reason of their absence was plain enough.

When Suarez had assumed the task of gaining the promised reward alone, he judiciously thought that since his companion, though a bachelor, was so careful of his existence, he, as a father of a family, ought to be yet more careful of his own. Pleased at having given a proof of courage which cost him nothing, Suarez had laid down, not a hundred feet off, to think of his wife, whose sour temper he was spared from enduring for that night, at least. He resolved in due season to wake up his comrade and taunt him with his cowardice.

Unluckily he had reckoned without a host that paid him a visit in spite of himself—sleep—a



SILK CULTURE IN CHINA—PREPARING RAW SILK.

[For description, see page 237.]

sleep as profound as his comrades. So these two fellows were snoring roundly, while the eight others, after having vainly waited their coming, began a consultation, which events, this time, were to render pretty serious.

The moon, already set for some time, no longer illuminated the group of bandits in the clearing; their worn garments soiled in bivouacs in the open air, their accoutrements, half-military, half-rustic, as well as their sinister faces, presented, by the dim light, an aspect at once terrifying and picturesque. While around them ten horses tried to satisfy their cravings by browsing the leaves of the bushes against which their bits clashed with a metallic ring, the eight horsemen, with cartouch-boxes at their girdles, carbines across their knees, and daggers in their boot-tops, listened to the discourse of Pepe Lobos.

"Suarez and Pacheco will never come back," said he. "This Beelzebub's colonel must have stabbed them or crushed them without a sound, like poor Panchito Jolas, and though we have beaten the bush all night without finding anything—"

"We have scoured the wood thoroughly," interrupted one of the two insurgents who was so terribly afraid of meeting the colonel.

"We have all done so!" replied Pepe Lobos. "Ask my partner; and yet, though he has escaped our active search, the absence of two of us proves clearly that the colonel has not left that part of the forest where he is hidden. As soon as day breaks, we will go and look for his horse-tracks, and shall find out just where he left the path. Isn't that your idea?"

A general murmur of assent followed. "Now," continued Lobos, "vengeance first, and hang the five hundred dollars' bounty to the man who shall bring in the colonel alive. We'll bring him in dead."

"Perhaps the captain will allow half the reward," said one of the bandits.

"When we discover exactly the place where he left the path for the cover, we will divide into two bands of four each this time; the first will descend the road towards the Ostuta; the second will ascend from the Ostuta to the road, in a given direction across the wood; between us we shall take our man, and the first who sees him shall fire at him as if he was a mad dog, and if a spark of life remains, we shall win the reward."

The advice of Pepe Lobos met with unanimous approbation, and it was agreed that at break of day all of them should go in a body and carefully examine the ground to find the last tracks of Don Rafael's horse.

Sunrise came sooner than Suarez or Pacheco, who still slept on, and the first rays had hardly gilded the tops of the loftiest palm-trees, when the eight bandits, scattered over the road which led from Huajapam to the ford of Ostuta, were seeking to distinguish on the ground, the impression left the night before by their own horses from those made by the colonel's charger.

It was no easy task: the soil, trampled and poached by the shoes of eleven horses dashing at full gallop some hours before, presented only shapeless vestiges, and an European would never have undertaken to distinguish the particular tracks of one horse among so many. For Mexican vaqueros, or Chilian guachos, it was only a work of patience. In fact, in less than half an hour, Pepe Lobos found what he sought, and called his comrades to see the signs he had discovered.

In the midst of the impressions among which each distinguished the track of his own horse, a broken blade of grass on the line of verdure which skirted the path, and a branch of sassafras broken at the height of a horseman's shoulder on the skirt of the wood, showed the bandits clearly that it was exactly at this place that the colonel struck into the wood.

At the same moment the detachment sent by Arroyo in search of the two fugitives was crossing the ford of the river; a few moments afterwards they took ground on the left bank; and then on the appearance of four horsemen debouching from the wood-path on the bank of the Ostuta, they halted.

These four horsemen were those, who, according to the directions of Pepe Lobos, were to strike across the wood in quest of the colonel, from the river to the Huajapam road.

The two detachments recognized each other unhesitatingly; but the chief who commanded the first, an old native soldier of New Mexico, who had for a long time fought the Indians, and knew all the stratagems of war, thought it prudent to exchange the parole common to the men of Arroyo's guerilla. When all doubt was over, he required the new-comers to explain why, instead of finding them about the hacienda del Valle, they were beating the wood this early.

"Ah," said he. "Colonel Tres Villas! Three fugitives instead of two! Fine sport to-day!"

The old campaigner approved of Pepe Lobos's tactics, and formed a third detachment of five of his horsemen, who were to plunge into the wood in a different direction, while he himself, with the five remaining men, continued to pursue a contrary path to the three other divisions.

It was only from this moment that the bandits had a leader, and a leader as skilful as he was intrepid, who gave them precise directions, and aroused that courage among them, which, as we have seen, had completely given out. Still the order to kill the colonel at a distance, if he was too dangerous to be approached, was maintained; the two other fugitives only, according to Arroyo's will, were to be taken alive.

From this moment Don Rafael's position became fearful. The least danger he incurred was that of being killed fighting, if, unfortunately he did not fall, full of life, into the hands of pitiless enemies. As old Refino, that was his fighting name, finished his arrangements, Don Rafael awoke. His eyes were for a moment dazzled by the sunbeams, and he was still trying to think where he was, when he perceived two men cautiously advancing.

Even though sleep still held a mastery over his senses he found it difficult to shake off, yet between waking and dreaming, he was alive to the sense of danger, and the approach of two men to his place of concealment, put him at once on his guard.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WOODPECKER AND THE DEAD TREE.

The colonel, on waking, felt such a lassitude in all his limbs that he was astonished at having slept more than half an hour in such a posture, and he experienced a strong desire to descend from his tree and refresh himself by a walk. But, at the sight of the two individuals who advanced towards him, he thought it prudent to delay a little, and contented himself with undoing the knots of his sash while carefully scanning the suspicious movements of the new-comers.

The latter, not suspecting the presence of a living being near them, still moved circumspectly, looking to right and left, as if they had hoped to discover an invisible object. Their costume was odd enough, and very ill-suited to traverse the thickets, for it consisted of nothing but a shirt and a pair of drawers. This light dress seemed completely wet, though the night had been very dry, and each of them carried a large bundle in his hand.

"These persons," thought the colonel, "are trying to find some one, or are afraid of being discovered themselves; which of the two?"

He listened and looked attentively.

Just as the density of the wood at this place had seemed propitious to Don Rafael, so the two men thought it a capital spot for a halt.

"Let us pause here," said one of them, "long enough to change our clothes."

"So be it," replied the other; "but make haste—for by this time, we ought to be far on our way to Huajapam."

Both seated themselves under the tree which served as an asylum to the colonel, and began silently and promptly to lay aside their wet garments and to replace them by those they carried in their bundles.

"This," said one of them, "is what is worth its weight in gold—eh?"

As he spoke, he pointed to another small parcel which his companion carefully secured in his breast-pocket.

"Yes, and you will have no reason to repent following me to share in the good luck this will bring us. The great thing is to get away from here, for they will be on our trail."

"That's certain, but they wont find us, and if we stumble upon the advanced posts of my comrades who are blocking del Valle, as they will know nothing of my flight from camp, I shall persuade them that I am sent with you to get ransom for a prisoner."

"And if we are brought back to camp?" asked the other.

"We shall be hung—but sooner or later is that the fate of man." Was the philosophical reply of Juan el Zapote, for it was the quondam guard of the messenger sent by Don Mariano and his daughter, now the companion of his flight—"but I know enough to keep clear of that, my dear fellow."

"Zounds!" thought Don Rafael, "this joker, who thinks it's every man's fate to be hung sooner or later, seems so sure of the fact, that he might easily be induced to conduct me to such a consummation."

As he made this reflection, Don Rafael, seizing one of the wild grapes which had helped him to climb the tree, and, at the risk of leaving some of his garments in the branches, alighted with a bound before the two astonished adventurers. The colonel, who would have given any price for a knowledge of the sweet message sent him by Donna Rosina, found himself inopportunely face to face with the messenger entrusted with its delivery. It is true neither knew the other.

"Hush! fear nothing—I offer you my protection," said the colonel, with haughty assurance—"but put up your arms."

Zapote had unsheathed a long poignard which he lifted ready to strike the first comer, with that indifference peculiar to a man who, like himself, foresaw no end but the rope or the *garrote*. But Don Rafael immediately seized his wrist, which he grasped with force enough to show that he might be an enemy as terrible as he could be a powerful protector.

"Who are you?" cried the two companions, in a breath.

"Ah, that is indiscreet," replied Don Rafael. "I am a man who has jumped out of a tree, and the proof is my hat is left there."

And without letting go Zapote's hand, the colonel, rising on the points of his toes, with the point of his long sword harpooned his felt hat which had caught on one of the branches.

"You are flying from Arroyo's men—so am I—that is all we need know of each other. Now you are two, and I am one. If you wont make common cause with me, I'll kill you both—take your choice."

"Caramba! what a good trader you'd have made," replied Zapote, to whom this plain speaking was far from unpleasant. "But what can I do for you?"

"Pass me as another of your comrades going with this man to collect the ransom of a prisoner, which is not far from the truth, since you are going to share the product of a—"

"Very simple commission," interrupted Zapote. "And if you knew—"

"I have no wish to go shares," said the colonel, smiling, "and it's nothing to me—"

"Caramba! you shall know," interrupted el Zapote, carried away by an irresistible impulse of good faith. "Among friends, and we must be so now, boundless frankness is the rule."

"Well, then," said the colonel.

"Well," replied the veracious Zapote. "It is the will of an excessively rich uncle in favor, of an heir who thought himself disinherited, that we are carrying to the aforesaid nephew. You can judge from that what it's worth to us."

"It is not a false will?" asked the colonel, distrusting the suspicious appearance of Zapote.

"We don't know how to write," he replied, simply. "But if you take my advice, we'll all three put off as quick as possible—we've lost too much time already."

"And my horse?" objected the colonel. "What shall we do about him?"

"Ah, you have a horse—we'll leave him—he'd only be a trouble to you."

"Especially if he's like a horse I know," said the messenger, alluding to Roncador himself, which he had seen in Don Mariano's stables at Oajaca. "This cursed horse, I say—"

Shouts bursting at once from both banks of the river, from the Huajapam road, and the opposite sides of the wood, interrupted the messenger at the moment he was about to relate to Don Rafael the peculiarities of his own horse, and so doubtless pave the way for a complete understanding between the colonel and himself. Both looked at the terrified countenance of el Zapote.

"Demonio!" said he. "This is more serious than I thought."

The cries they had just heard expressed the eagerness and ardor of those who entered on the chase with the implacable resolution of giving no quarter. It is thus the hunter's horn proclaims to the forest the doom of the stag. These cries were yet more significant, to judge by certain strange modulations which accompanied them for a moment.

The Zapote looked fixedly a few seconds at the royalist officer, who wore the hat of a volunteer insurgent, an infantry soldier's jacket, and a cavalry officer's pantaloons.

"If you are not the same person," said he—"there is in this wood a royalist they are hunting to the death."

"I cannot deny that I serve the king," said Don Rafael.

"These cries that I know the meaning of," continued the Zapote, "indicate that there is a royalist hidden somewhere about, who must be taken, dead or alive. Have those who hunted you ever got sight of you?"

"I killed two of their men before their face and eyes last evening."

"Then I cannot hope to pass you, with my companion here, for an ordinary prisoner, who is neither royalist nor insurgent."

"It would be difficult, certainly."

"An utter impossibility, and I can only promise you one thing—not only not to betray you in case we succeed in getting out of these thorn-brakes, but to try to lead those who pursue you astray—for I begin to weary of this bandit's trade—but on one condition."

"What is that?" asked the colonel.

"It is to permit us to drop your company. I can do nothing to save you, as you see. You would only ruin us, without advantage to yourself, or prevent us from delivering the message with which we are entrusted. On the other hand, though we have so lately met, your fate is linked to ours, and to abandon you in the midst of danger, without your consent, would be a baseness I should wish you to acquit me of."

There was such an air of loyalty in the Zapote's words, that the colonel was impressed, in spite of himself.

"Be it so, my friend," said Don Rafael, resolutely. "I allow you to go and seek your fortune where you please, and hope," he added, with a smile, "that you will get safely to the nephew with his uncle's will."

Then he said in a melancholy tone; "I have so little reason to cling to life, that I think with you—a little sooner—a little later—what matters it? Only," said he, with a sudden return of good-humor, "I must positively stipulate not to be hanged."

"Thanks for your permission," replied the Zapote. "But one word before parting. If you take my advice—you will climb into this tree where no one would suspect you of hiding."

"No—I should be like the jaguar hunted by dogs without the means of defence, and I would, as the Indians say, send as many enemies as possible before me to prepare my hunting-grounds in the other world."

"Well—do better," said the Zapote. "Go towards the Ostuta. At the southern point of this wood, on the banks of the river and near the ford, there are thick cane-brakes, in which my comrade and myself might have found shelter till the day of judgment, if we had not had business to attend to. If you reach the cane-brake you are saved."

"I prefer that," said the colonel. "For three days I am tired of hiding. Adieu, and good luck!"

The Zapote and his companion, after a moment's reflection, took a direction which might, by a wide sweep, lead them to the road to Huajapam, where Rosina's messenger, without suspecting that he was separating from the colonel himself, still hoped to find him in the camp of the royalists engaged in the siege. A few seconds after, the thickness of the wood hid them from the colonel's eyes.

"Faith, I'm sorry," said the Zapote's companion, after fifteen minutes' silence, "that I did not ask him his name. I don't think he'd have made any mystery about his quality, for he seems to be frank as well as brave. From his bearing, in spite of his dress, he must be some officer of the royalist army."

"Pshaw!" replied the Zapote. "The name is nothing to us, as we stand. He's a lost man, and it would do us no good to know what name he answered to."

"Who knows?"

"I am sorry we couldn't help him—that's all. Now let's think of ourselves, that's the point—for do you see, my brave Gaspar, we're not out of danger yet?"

"The two companions pursued their way, gliding cautiously along. Half an hour passed thus before they again heard the voices of those who were scouring the wood, a short distance from each other. These voices were soon hushed.

In the midst of the silence then reigning, the Zapote distinguished the snapping of bushes, a short distance from him, and, advancing on that side, perceived a man, moving cautiously, carbine in hand; then, at ten paces from him, to his right and left, on the same line, two other men gliding with the same precaution through the thickets. All three made a rampart of the trees as far as they could. The Zapote recognized one of them.

"Ho! Perico!" he cried.

"Who calls me?" replied the man.

"I—Juan el Zapote!"

"How came you here?" asked Perico.

"I will tell you," replied the Zapote, with marvellous impudence. "You must know in the first place that the captain—"

"Whence come you?" interrupted Perico.

"From the camp, from the other side of the Ostuta."

"Then the captain knew we were pursuing a royalist in the woods?"

"How so?" asked the Zapote.

"Just think of it! we've been beating these woods all night in search of this rascal, and from ten in number were reduced to eight, Suarez and Pacheco having been killed, and now, if I may judge by all the hails we have answered, there are at least twenty of us."

At this moment another man joined the three. By a happy chance these were the very four men who had been charged by Pepe Lobos to beat that part of the wood near the Huajapam road, and who, not having encountered the old forager Refino, were not aware that the Zapote was pursued as a deserter.

"Now," resumed the latter, "since I have told you why I am here, on a mission from the captain, with my comrade, Don Gaspar—as I am in a great hurry—"

"I'll be hanged if you've said anything about your mission!" cried Perico.

"What! a secret mission like mine! Honor bright, you know. I must be going—I'm in a great hurry—good-by."

"Before you go," said one of the three men, who was with Perico, "tell us if you have met him in the wood?"

"Whom! the royalist you're after?"

"Yes—this mad colonel."

"I haven't seen the slightest mad colonel," replied the Zapote.

"Caramba! It's Colonel Tres Villas," cried Perico. "You pretend not to know it. Do you mean to undertake him alone and get the whole five hundred dollars!"

"Five hundred dollars!" cried the Zapote, seizing his hair, as if he meant to pluck it out by the roots.

"Yes," continued Perico—"a tall fellow with black mustachios, a felt hat of the same color, pantaloons with a gold stripe, and an infantry jacket."

"Who killed two of your men?"

"Four—since Suarez and Pacheco are missing."

There was no longer room for doubt that the man they had just left behind them was the very one they were seeking to deliver Rosina's message, and the Zapote exchanged a look of bitter disappointment with Gaspar. For an instant the newly-dated honesty of the ex-bandit tottered on its base, but a mute prayer from Gaspar, and the remembrance of his plighted faith, gained the victory over his foiled cupidity.

"I have seen nothing," he said drily—"and you make me lose time."

"Adieu," said Perico.

Gaspar and the Zapote exchanged a last adieu with Perico's companions, and departed, first at a walk while they were in sight, and afterwards, at a full run, when they were alone. Their first object was to secure their safety; they might lament their ill-luck at their leisure. When they thought themselves safe from all pursuit in a part of the wood situated the other side of the road, the Zapote threw himself on the moss of a glade with an air of profound desolation.

"What shall we do now?" said Gaspar, lugubriously.

The Zapote maintained the silence produced by deep emotion for some time; then he arose and exclaimed:

"Something rare and wonderful—a good deed! Can you do it?"

"We can both do it together. Hear me, friend: I am known to those who are blockading the hacienda del Valle; you are known to those who defend it. Let us enter it. Once there, you can pass me off for one of the servants of your master, Don Mariano."

"It would be possible, my dear Zapote," objected Gaspar frankly, "if you hadn't such a villanous countenance."

"I will compose my features—that's my affair, you shall see. I will demand a reward of a thousand dollars, if I pluck the colonel, at the risk of my life, from the peril that threatens him. We will take fifty men with us—I will deliver the colonel—we will touch the reward, and the price of your message into the bargain. What say you?"

"It would be fine, really."

"Ah, there's nothing like virtue after all—nothing that pays half so well."

"But the colonel is sure to be taken or killed."

"Perhaps not; and then, if he is dead, we'll try to take the captain. Come what may, I'm bound to have a reward."

"In fact, the colonel may have succeeded in gaining the cane-brake on the banks of the river," said Gaspar.

"In two hours we may be back with a reinforcement. Let us haste to the hacienda."

Excited by this hope, the two adventurers took courage, and made the best possible speed towards the hacienda guarded by Lieutenant Varragay. We will leave them awhile to their fortunes, and return to Colonel Tres Villas.

Left alone, Don Rafael coolly confronted his position. He did not for a moment flatter himself that his chances of safety were more than doubtful, and that but for some unexpected succor on which he could not reckon, there was hardly a hope that he could escape the death menaced him. The sun bathed with brilliant light the entire wood which served him as a shelter, its rays, already almost perpendicular, and yet, before it set, and night again sent her guardian shadows, about seven hours must elapse, for it was one of those days of the summer solstice, the longest in the year, when, under the tropics, a wand set up in the earth casts no shadow.

How much did Don Rafael then regret the sleep to which he had abandoned himself, instead of using a part of the night in a desperate attempt for his safety. No less keenly did he regret not having revealed his name to his two temporary companions; perhaps the hope of a large reward would have induced them to penetrate to the hacienda del Valle to inform Lieutenant Varragay of the danger to which his chief was exposed. He was far from suspecting that a providential chance had accomplished what tardy reflection suggested to him.

In spite of the danger of his position, Don Rafael for a long time fasting, began to feel the gnawings of hunger, but that caused him no anxiety, for the forests of America produce a variety of spontaneous fruits sufficient for the sustenance of man. These reflections once made, the colonel was not the man to waste himself in useless regrets, and he resolved to act.

He hesitated a moment as to what he should do with his horse, and he seemed decided to abandon him, but he was soon convinced of the use he could make of him, in his tortuous march through the wood, as a living and moving rampart which might protect him on occasion from a carbine ball. Then, if he reached the skirt of the wood safe and sound, he could spring on his back and escape, as on the night before, from the pursuit of his enemies. He therefore prepared to go in search of him.

The thicket in which he had fastened el Roncador was not far from the tree in which he had passed the night, but the deep silence that reigned in the forest, which might have been thought deserted but for the shouts so lately heard, made him feel the necessity of moving carefully, as the slightest rustle of a bush might betray his presence. The colonel accordingly advanced, stepping as lightly as possible, when a vague sound of voices met his ear. He listened some time, without finding it to approach nearer, and resumed his course. He finally found the thicket and his horse. Though burning with thirst and devoured by hunger, the poor animal had not made the slightest effort to break his halter. At the approach of his master, he uttered a joyous neigh which rang far and wide. Notwithstanding this noise which might betray him and prove fatal to him, the colonel felt a movement of joy mingled with sadness, as he caressed his noble companion in danger, and at the same time he could not repress a feeling of remorse at the duty he would perhaps be compelled to make him perform. Still this was one of those cases in which the instinct of self-preservation often leads a man to do what his heart disapproves.

In order to render his movements easier in the labyrinth formed by the trees and vines, the colonel unsaddled his horse, and only left the bridle to lead him by. He advanced resolutely, guided by the sun, towards the southern point of the wood which bordered on the ford of the Ostuta.

Zapote's advice seemed sound, and he thought if he could succeed in hiding himself for the rest of the day in the canes by the river, it would be easy for him during the night to reach the great road of Oajaca, and then the hacienda del Valle.

On the way, Don Rafael tossed aside the scabbard of his sabre as well as his belt which annoyed him, and holding his naked blade in one hand, and the bridle of his horse in the other, he continued his walk as silently as possible, resolved to use his pistols only in the last extremity.

Still the moment came when he would be obliged to make a turn, for, in the midst of the silence, he heard, in the direction he followed, voices of men calling and answering, with directions issued to move in the same line and to keep their distance to form a larger circle.

Singly, not one of those who pursued him gave him any more anxiety than a lonely hunter inspires in the lion who is retreating from a multitude of enemies, but he knew very well that the entire pack of Arroyo's bandits would rush at once upon him, and that he should inevitably fall.

The colonel therefore renounced the desperate idea, once conceived, of rushing on his nearest enemy, and noiselessly cutting his throat. He rightly thought that in the midst of a thick wood a resolute man had some advantage over enemies who were obliged to call to each to march together and keep their distance. While they pointed out the place where they were, he, keeping silence, would leave themselves in ignorance of his retreat. The voices came nearer every moment, and Don Rafael heard with anxiety other voices from a nearer direction. He had reason to fear that in avoiding one party, he should fall into the ambush of another.

The colonel did not know the number of his enemies, but, whatever it was, he supposed that the cordon formed about him to take him, could not be so close but that there must be some gap through which he might escape, as the bird flies through one of the meshes of the fowler's net.

While Don Rafael listened as a man listens whose life depends on the nicety of his hearing, he heard, at some distance from him, the sonorous and distant sound of a woodpecker's beak tapping a dead tree.

This noise is one of the oftenest heard in the vast forests of America. The wild bird, occupied in seeking his food, gives incessant chase to the worms lodged in the bark of dead or decaying trees, and gets them from their hiding-places by striking the trunk with redoubled blows of his beak.

The noise the colonel had just heard was like a friendly voice which told him that in that direction no human creature troubles the solitude of the forest. Don Rafael, guided by the cadenced strokes which the solitary bird continued to make, directed his way towards him. He was still at some distance from his tree, when the woodpecker, frightened at his presence, flew off.

The fugitive stopped and listened, and to his great joy heard his enemies' voices in the distance. They had passed beyond him, and unless they turned back again, which was not probable, they would go in search of him to the centre of the wood he had just left. To deceive them better, and increase the distance, he adopted an Indian stratagem. He picked up two branches of dead lignum-vitæ, and striking one against the other, imitated to perfection the cadenced noise of the woodpecker's bill.

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I'm fearful lest the summer friends that linger by thy side,
Might not withstand stern winter's blast—they never have been tried;
They love to see the flowers that bloom so brightly round thy way;
I fear they would not stand by thee to see those flowers decay.

You must remember Fortune's wheel is always turning round;
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Give me warm friends with open hearts, the generous and sincere,
Who weep beside the dying couch, the coffin, and the bier.

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"Well, what does he say?" they all exclaimed.

"He says 'pooh, pooh, nonsense,'" growled Joe Grummet.

"You don't say so?" chorused the crew with very chop-fallen looks indeed.

"Fact," responded Jack Brace.

"Thunder!" ejaculated all hands, and for several minutes they remained in moody silence, gazing fixedly into each other's weather beaten countenances, as though fascinated with the beauty of the scene; though if such was the case it does not speak very well for their taste.

"I tell you how it is, chaps," said Jack Brace, at length breaking the silence by bringing his fist down heavily upon the lid of a chest, "here we are to up anchor for home to-morrow at noon, and it seems there's to be no more shore liberty. Now that sort of thing wont go down with a chap of about my size. I've got to have liberty, so that's all about it, and there's no get away from it either, for you see I've got an assassination on shore to-night just round under the lee of that hill to port of us."

"A which?" asked Joe, opening wide his eyes.

"Why an ass-assassination, you know; that's what Johnny Crapeau calls it when one feller makes a 'pintment to meet another feller, and one of the fellers aint a feller you know; 'bout the same thing as we call going courting you know, only 'taint perlite to use the mother tung when you know some outlandish word that will fay in, you know."

"Well that don't fay in not no how," replied Joe, oracularly. "Assassination don't mean what you mean; it means sticking folks in the back with a sheath knife. The word that you wanted to lug in was assy-nation, that's what you was overhauling for. Just you take a fool's advice and don't meddle with no furrin tung till you knows how to denounce it in a ship shape and seaman-like manner."

"O, well, bother the odds, who keers the slat of a reef point what kind of a nation it is," said Jack impatiently, "that aint nothing to the case. What I'm steering for is just this, I'm bound to go ashore to night anyhow, and if old Bobstay wont let me have a boat, why, I'll go without one, that's all."

"Take French, eh?" asked one of the crew.

"Of course I'll take French, what else?"

"Well, then, if you do you'll catch four dozen, handsomely swung in, for old Bobstay swears by the hole in his coat, that he'll flog any man at the gangway that even attempts to desert."

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"You don't say so?" chorused the crew with very chop-fallen looks indeed.

"Fact," responded Jack Brace.

"Thunder!" ejaculated all hands, and for several minutes they remained in moody silence, gazing fixedly into each other's weather-beaten countenances, as though fascinated with the beauty of the scene; though if such was the case it does not speak very well for their taste.

"I tell you how it is, chaps," said Jack Brace, at length breaking the silence by bringing his fist down heavily upon the lid of a chest, "here we are to up anchor for home to-morrow at noon, and it seems there's to be no more shore liberty. Now that sort of thing wont go down with a chap of about my size. I've got to have liberty, so that's all about it, and there's no get away from it either, for you see I've got an assassination on shore to-night just round under the lee of that hill to port of us."

"A which?" asked Joe, opening wide his eyes.

"Why an ass-assassination, you know; that's what Johnny Crapeau calls it when one feller makes a 'pintment to meet another feller, and one of the fellers aint a feller you know; 'bout the same thing as we call going courting you know, only 'taint perlite to use the mother tung when you know some outlandish word that will fay in, you know."

"Well that don't fay in not no how," replied Joe, oracularly. "Assassination don't mean what you mean; it means sticking folks in the back with a sheath knife. The word that you wanted to lug in was assy-nation, that's what you was overhauling for. Just you take a fool's advice and don't meddle with no furrin tung till you knows how to denounce it in a ship shape and seaman-like manner."

"O, well, bother the odds, who keers the slat of a reef point what kind of a nation it is," said Jack impatiently, "that aint nothing to the case. What I'm steering for is just this, I'm bound to go ashore to night anyhow, and if old Bobstay wont let me have a boat, why, I'll go without one, that's all."

"Take French, eh?" asked one of the crew.

"Of course I'll take French, what else?"

"Well, then, if you do you'll catch four dozen, handsomely swung in, for old Bobstay swears by the hole in his coat, that he'll flog any man at the gangway that even attempts to desert."

"Old Bobstay and his four dozen be blowed, I'm for shore," said Jack, executing a pigeon wing and snapping his finger above his head, in token of his contempt for almost any number of dozens, "I'm for shore, I am."

"And I'm with you, my lad," said Joe.

"Me, too," chimed in Tom Pipes.

The rest of the crew remained silent; shore pleasures apparently not being a sufficient inducement; for they were quite the reverse of avaricious men; being perfectly satisfied with what they already possessed, without making any extra effort to obtain their "*back rations.*"

It was past sunset; work was over for the day, and an extinguisher having been placed upon their hopes of a night's drift on shore; the crew, as usual, adjourned from the 'tween decks to the top-gallant forecastle, to smoke their pipes, to spin yarns, and to inform each other confidentially that old Bobstay was a brute and a tyrant of the most diabolical description, and that for the fiendish crime of stopping their liberty, divine justice would, at no distant period, bring him up with a round turn; put him on a tight stretch with a gun tackle purchase, and fearfully take the kinks out of him.

It was evident that the powers that be, on the quarter deck, suspected an attempt on the part of some of the men to take French leave, for at short intervals the mate walked forward into the waist and surveyed the group in the forecastle. Having repeated this manœuvre several times without perceiving anything unusual among the crew, he apparently became satisfied that his suspicions were without foundation, and going aft on to the poop he stowed himself away upon one of the hencoops as if to sleep.

This was the signal for our three friends, who cautiously, and one by one, slipped over the bow into the head and slid down to the water by the chain-cable.

"Now, then," whispered Jack Brace, as with only their heads above the surface, they held on to the chains, "are you ready?"

"All ready," returned his companions.

"Well, look sharp, and don't break water."

Quitting their hold upon the cable, and with only so much exertion as would sustain them upon the surface, they drifted silently with the tide, past the ship and some hundred fathoms astern, then striking out vigorously they soon reached a point about a quarter of a mile astern of the vessel, and once more had good dry land beneath their feet.

"Well, here we are, boys, all right and tight, and nobody killed," said Joe Grummet, as he divested himself of his scanty garments, from which he wrung the water previous to putting them on again.

"Yes, we're all right, fast enough, but not nowhere near so tight as I intend to be betwixt this and sunrise," said Tom Pipes.

"You'd best be careful and not take so much aboard as to loose steerage way," returned Joe, "or instead of drinking grog, you'll have a chance to drink with the ducks all the passage home, which wont be so pleasant, you know."

"O, no fear of me, I'm used to circle sailing, and can generally make port if I do have a head wind and a heavy sea. But I say, fellers, what time are we going aboard, and where shall we meet?"

"We must meet right here on this spot, half an hour before daybreak, and if we're in luck, there's a chance of getting aboard before we are missed; so mind and get round in time, will ye?"

"Ay, ay, we'll be on hand, never fear," replied the others, and pushing through the dense undergrowth that almost overhung the water, they started off in different directions toward—nobody but themselves knows where.

In the meantime, all had remained much the same as usual on board ship until about one bell, or nine o'clock, in the second dog watch, when Captain Bobstay, prompted by some sailor hating demon, took it into his head to see how things were going on upon deck, and accordingly mounted the companion ladder for that purpose.

"Mr. Midships!" he said, addressing the mate in a somewhat elevated tone.

"Sir," responded the drowsy officer, starting up from his recumbent position on the hen coop in some little confusion.

"Are all hands on board to-night?"

"Yes, sir, I expect they are."

"I expect they aint. The ship might fall overboard and you not know it; send the crew aft here on the poop."

"Lay aft here, all hands," shouted the mate, going forward to the waist.

The crew, obedient to the call, moved aft to the quarter deck in a body. The quick eye of the captain instantly noted their diminished numbers.

"What has become of Joe Grummet, and Tom Pipes, and Jack Brace?" he asked, as he moved along the line and marked the absentees. "Where are they?"

"Dun no sir," growled several of the crew in a rather surly tone, for though they had objected to taking French leave themselves, they would sooner have had their tongues cut out than say a word to betray a shipmate who had.

"Dun no sir!" echoed the captain in a tone of voice intended to be very terrible. "Yes you do know too. You're a bloody set of liars, the whole snarl of ye. Here Bill," he continued, addressing an old man-of-war's man, who was considered the most reliable man forward, "Where are those fellows?"

"Well, I can't say prezactly where they are, sir, just at this tick of the watch," replied Bill, with the peculiarly knowing look of a baked pippin.

"You lie, Bill Bulkhead, and you know it. You're a confounded old liar, that's what you are."

"Well, sir, I wont argy the pint," returned Bill, giving the waistband of his trousers a hitch up, and then a hitch down again, by way of manifesting his entire willingness to be convinced of almost anything.

"William Bulkhead," resumed the captain majestically, "you do well not to argue that point, and you'll do better not never to attempt to argue no point with me, not if you know and regard what's good for your wholesome. You say you don't know where those fellows are. I do know where they are, they're ashore; that's where they are."

"My eyes, what a chap for guessing," whispered Bill to his next neighbor, at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs.

"Reg'lar fortin teller," whispered back the punched individual, stamping heavily on Bill's toes.

"Mr. Midships," continued the captain, with an air like an avenging deity, "the very instant those fellows come on board seize them up immediately and give them four dozen and four lashes, well laid on. It makes no difference whether I'm on board or not; you need no further orders, give it them at once. D'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir, it shall be done," replied the mate. "Go for'ard, men."

"Four dozen *and* four," repeated the captain, with a strong emphasis upon the conjunction to make the sentence more terrible. "Mind, Mr. Midships, four dozen *and* four."

"Yes, sir, I understand, four dozen *and* four. And," he continued in a lower tone to himself, as the captain descended the companion ladder, "I should like to have the job of swinging the same dose into *your* old carcase about this time, my bold commander."

Captain Bobstay turned into his bunk and slept as such great men ought to sleep, to wit: between moderately clean sheets. Mr. Midships rolled himself in a monkey pea jacket and stretched himself out on the starboard hencoop as a mate should, and also slept. The men forward spread themselves out all over the forecastle and snored in chorus, and peace and quietness descended like a dove and settled upon the ship; yet in the minds of all, whether sleeping or waking, there was a vague consciousness of something particularly awful in pickle for the unfortunate chaps who had dared to take French.

All through the long, still hours of a warm, tropic night, the pale moon had poured her silvery light down upon the spot where we last saw our three marine Leanders; lighting up the gently swelling sea till it shone and glistened like wavy, burnished steel, as with ceaseless, busy, weary tread it threw its little wavelets along the pebbly beach, with a hurry, hurry, hurry, and a ripple, ripple, ripple; murmuring softly yet eagerly its endless story. Down too upon the thick groves of banana and the plantain fell her soft and quiet beams till "the dewdrop blazed beneath her ray," as the luxuriant branches stirred and trembled in the breeze, murmuring and sighing soft and low; whispering back its own mystic story to the sea. And so they whispered sad tales to each other through the long hours, and the quiet, peaceful moon looked lovingly down upon them both, and no one came to disturb their harmony.

"But now, as the night grew senescent,
And star dials hinted of morn;
As the star dials pointed to morn,
At the end of the path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a be diamond crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn,"

or it may be, a triplicate horn, or a quadruplicate horn, or indeed almost any number of horns, for whatever the number of horns may have been, they were all enclosed within the body of a gentleman who was himself enveloped in a dungaree jumper, and trousers of the same material, and who now pushed his way through the bananas and came out upon the beach, where he stood for several minutes gazing earnestly about him, as though in expectation of finding some one; not being successful in his search, however, he threw himself at length upon the smooth beach and sought amusement in letting the little waves break over his bare feet, or in marking figures in the sand with his toes, and in watching the eastern horizon where rosy streaks began to appear, which reminded him of the pink ribbons on his pretty Polly's bonnet, and he fell a musing and almost asleep, and the quiet moon shone down upon him too. Presently he started up at the sound of a long, shrill whistle, which he repeated; and another figure emerged from the thicket and stood upon the beach.

"How goes it Joe, where's Tom?" asked the new comer.

"Hasn't got along yet," replied Joe.

"The deuce he hasn't, well, if he don't heave in sight pretty soon, we'll have to go aboard without him, eh? But here he comes," he continued, as a third figure came rolling and steering wild along the beach. "How d'ye stand it, Tom?"

"Drunk as ever, thank ye. How's your own health and things? Where's Joe? O, here he is. How are you Joe; how's your old Grummet?" and the loquacious individual threw himself upon the smooth sand and began singing and kicking up his heels in the air, apparently in a very jolly frame of mind.

"Come, none of your skylarking, Tom," said Jack Brace, "it's a'most broad daylight, and time we were getting under weigh; d'ye s'pose you can hold a straight course enough to swim off to the ship?"

"Swim, is it?" returned Tom with a flourish, "I want you to understand that I'm just the lad that can swim seven hundred thousand million miles before breakfast, without stopping to take breath, and have done it scores o' times."

"What a precious liar that whiskey is, that Tom drank," said Jack. "But come, let's be on the move, and if we have the luck to get aboard before any one is stirring, it will all be as right as a ring bolt."

"And if we don't?" asked Tom.

"Why then if we don't, we must stand up and take our regular four dozen under our jackets like gentlemen, and make no bones about it."

"Like gentlemen!" echoed Tom; "how long is it, I wonder, since they took to flogging gentlemen? 'Taint them as gets flogged, it's chaps like you and me who are worked like jackasses, and who risk their lives every hour in the day, and night too, for that matter, and all for nothing at all a month and find themselves, and get cheated out of it at the end of the voyage at that."

"Dry up, you fool, and don't let your confounded whiskey spin such nonsense," returned Jack; "of course we are the chaps that get kicked and cussed, and flogged, and starved, and pounded; what inducement would a fellow have to go to sea at all, I should like to know, if it wasn't for that? he gets nothing else that ever I heard tell of. Why, bless your heart, I wouldn't go another single voyage if I thought I shouldn't get my regular grog and floggings, that's all the fun of a sea life, I take it. 'Twont do to stand here palavering all day, however, so here goes for the ship, come on, lads."

"Here's with you," said Tom, plunging head first into the water.

"Hold on, hold on, boys; avast heaving a bit," shouted Joe, who had been attentively eyeing the ship; "there's something up, aboard the old scow; all hands appear to be on deck."

"Thunder, so they are!" ejaculated Tom, wading up on to the beach again, and taking a long squint at the vessel.

"Yes, and I'm blowed if they aint lowering away the old man's new fancy canoe; and there goes old Bobstay down into it; he's paddling this way; going up to town, I reckon, to get his papers. Let's get behind these plantains, out of sight."

From his hiding place among the bushes, Joe kept up a running commentary upon the captain: "I wonder what possessed him to take that little shell of a canoe; don't seem to know how to manage it pretty well; s'pose he wants to show off to the other captains; if he aint more careful he'll show himself to the bottom. I don't think much of those round bottomed canoe concerns, they ain't fit for a New Holland nigger to sail in, much less a human being. Hold hard there, by the powers, he came near going over that time; another such a move as that and he's a goner, sure. Just look at the fool. I'm blowed if he aint going to cross that tide rip."

With considerable interest our three friends continued to watch the captain's approach. He had already drifted and paddled a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile from the ship, and was rapidly nearing the shore; but at about a hundred fathoms from the beach a strong eddy swept round the point, rendering the navigation somewhat difficult to one so little acquainted with the management of a canoe as was Captain Bobstay, and his awkward manœuvres were not a little amusing.

"Just look a there now," said Jack, as the canoe, caught in the current, swung round and round despite the utmost exertions on the part of the captain, "there's a pretty situation for the commander of a ship, and his own crew a laughing at him. Hillo there, try that move again, old fellow and you'll be over. By jove, he's trying to stand up. Hurra, there she rolls; there she tips; there she goes bottom up, ha, ha, now there's a chance for you to swim for it, Captain Bob, as many a better man has done before."

"He strikes out pretty well; and seems to know how to swim better than to paddle canoes," said Joe.

"Well, if he didn't he'd go to the bottom precious quick, I'm thinking," remarked Tom, "and I say, d'ye mind, they're lowering away a boat from the ship."

"Pooh, that's no good, he can swim ashore a dozen times before they can reach him," returned Jack Brace. "But I say, what the deuce is he tossing his arms out of water in that kind of style for? Can't be he's throwing out signals of distress; he is, though; got the cramp or something, I'll swear. Come on, lads," and the three men, rushing from their place of concealment, dashed into the water and struck out toward the spot where Captain Bobstay was struggling with the tide and throwing his arms above his head with that fatal folly that possesses the great majority of men when in danger of singing.

"Hold on, Captain Bobstay, hold on," roared Joe, "keep afloat a minute longer, and we'll be with you; keep your arms under water."

Captain Bobstay heard the shout, and made an effort to sustain himself, but after a few feeble strokes he again tossed his arms above his head, and with a long, half stifled, gurgling cry, disappeared beneath the surface; a few bubbles rose and broke, and he was gone.

Jack Brace and Joe Grummet struck out with the strength of giants, curling the foam before them, as with a deep drawn "ha," they threw their bodies half out of water at every stroke. Tom Pipes followed close behind; but owing to his peculiar condition his course was somewhat eccentric.

"Grummet," said Jack, as they reached the spot where the captain had disappeared, "you stay upon the surface and watch if anything rises, while I dive," and with a rapid half turn of the body he vanished.

"Have you seen anything?" they asked simultaneously, as Jack rose to the surface.

"Nothing," they both replied.

"What's that rising to the top, astern of ye there, fellers?" spluttered Tom Pipes, who now came floundering along.

"Hair, by Jupiter," vociferated Jack, clutching his fingers into the object indicated.

"It's him, or I'm a Christian," shouted Joe, helping to raise the captain's head above water.

"O, I knowed you chaps couldn't do anything till I got along," said Tom, paddling around the group dog fashion, "ollers do as I tell ye and you'll ollers do right. But here comes our private conveyance."

The boat, which had been urged through the water with all possible speed, now came along side, and the half inanimate body of the captain, together with our three friends, was taken on board and conveyed to the ship.

"Mr. Midships," said Captain Bobstay, as he paced the quarter deck some two hours after his arrival on board, "what is that concern rigged in the gangway for?"

"Why, I am just about to give each of the deserters four dozen *and* four, sir."

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense Mr. Midships; you are a fool, Mr. Midspips, a complete fool; I always thought you was a fool, and now I know it; and see here, Mr. Midships, pipe all hands to grog, and give those three chaps a double allowance."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the mate. "Here, steward, bring up a dozen of whiskey."

"Yes, sah," replied the steward, jumping down the companion-way, and almost instantly reappearing with the desired refreshment.

"That's your sort, my Jack of spades," shouted Tom Pipes, as he seized a bottle and flourished it about his head. "Here's to the mother, father, grandmother, and all the old maid aunts of the jolly dog that originated and first put in practice the glorious principle of taking French.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

The following case lately occurred, under the care of Mr. Maury, at the hospital of St. Louis: A young man from the country, a laborer, imagined that he had swallowed a young snake in a glass of water. "It is five years," said he, "since the accident occurred; since which time the animal has not ceased to grow. It has now attained an enormous size, and produces great inconvenience, constantly in motion, it traverses the belly, mounts into the chest, and sometimes rises up to the left eye, when I have a distinct perception of its size and color. Sometimes its movements are so violent and painful, that I am obliged to constrain them by seizing and squeezing it through the parietes of the abdomen." The patient described a variety of other circumstances connected with his internal enemy, and appealed to the bystanders whether they did not hear it hissing, yet, in all other respects he was perfectly rational. M. Maury, aware that no reasoning would avail, affected to agree with him. The patient himself expressed the conviction that nothing but an operation could save him. It was performed in the following manner: In order to render the illusion more complete, a large plait was made in the integuments of the abdomen, the base of which was traversed with a bistoury, and a live adder introduced into the wound in the form of a seton, so as to be under the skin. One of the wounds being covered with the hand, the patient was requested to assist by seizing the head of the "serpent," and unite his efforts to those of the operator in extracting it. No idea can be formed of the joy of the patient without having witnessed it. Next day he declared he was prodigiously shrunk, in consequence of the extraction of the horrid creature; all the torments which he had suffered for five years were removed; the cure was complete in a few days, and what is more remarkable, it has continued permanent. One circumstance alone for a moment rendered it doubtful; the patient was afraid the serpent might have left some eggs, but his confidence was completely restored on being assured it was a male.—*Medical Gazette.*

Our Curious Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Marvellous Adventure.

The Akhbar, of Algiers, relates a strange story. A number of cranes alighted on the road from Orleansville to Tenes, near a spot where some soldiers were at work, and presently a large eagle, sweeping down on them, attempted to seize one; but the cranes defended and rescued their unfortunate companion. The eagle then tried to seize another, but all the cranes defended themselves vigorously, and a regular battle ensued. After it had raged for some time two ravens arrived and took the part of the cranes. The combat then continued with renewed fury, and there was no saying what would have been the result, if a soldier had not dispersed the combatants by killing one of the cranes with his sword. The fury of the conflict may be judged of from the fact that the soldier was able to get close to the cranes without being noticed. Although, however, the conflict was put an end to, the eagle seized one of the cranes and bore it off in triumph.

Snow without Snowing.

A party of gentlemen visited Dr. Cleaveland's church, in New Haven, recently, when they observed the following curious phenomenon: The atmosphere in the church was very cold, but a stream of warm air still rose from the furnaces, the evaporators of which were partially filled with water. Around one of the furnaces snow was gathered to the depth of three or four inches, formed by the congelation of the moisture in the ascending stream of air from the furnace. At the height of a few feet from the floor the moisture was seen congealing into bright crystals of beautiful forms which fell in showers to the floor. There was near a bushel of snow around one of the furnaces, and even on the iron work of the register the snow was piled up—the air rising from the furnace through a grating of snow.

Bacon's Strange Prediction.

"There may be made instruments of navigation without men to row in them, as huge shippes which shall sail farre more swiftly than if they were full of men, and charriots that move with an unspeakable force without any living creature to stirre them. Yea, instruments to flie withal. Noyses may be made in the aire like thunder, yea, with a greater horror than those that come by nature. For a little matter fitted to the quantitie of a thumb, maketh a horrible noyse and wonderful lightning. And this is done after sundry fashions, whereby any citie and armie may be destroyed after the manner of skilful Gideon, who, having only three hundred men, discomfited the hosts of the Midianites with broken pitchers and lamps and fire issuing out with an unspeakable noyse."

Spirit Phantom.

"Day had not wholly disappeared," said the late Hugh Miller, "but it was fast posting on to night, and a gray haze spread a neutral tint of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw through the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw anything, a dissevered hand and arm stretched toward me. The hand and arm were apparently those of a female; they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only a blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. The coincidence, in this case, with the probable time of my father's death, seems at least curious."

Curious Fact discovered by Ballooning.

Take a bar of brass, which, when weighed on the earth's surface, actually weighs fifteen pounds—by ascending three miles up in the atmosphere and weighing this brass bar, it actually weighs, by a spring balance, only seven and a half pounds, and again at five miles up, positively only three pounds and a quarter. What is the cause of this? The want of atmospherical pressure on it, and the sun's attraction, which becomes more apparent the nearer we approach his orbit.

A Curiosity.

The Genoa ivory crucifix, which the monk Carlo Antonio Perenti carved in his cell at Genoa, and which subsequently came into the possession of C. Edwards Lester—who made a public exhibition of it—is to be placed in the new church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Philadelphia.

Origin of the Word "Bridegroom."

Groom signifies one who serves in an inferior station. The name of bridegroom was formerly given the new-married man, because it was customary for him to wait at table on his bride and friends on his wedding-day.

Peculiar Superstition.

One of the superstitions prevailing in Devonshire, England, is that any individual neglecting to kill the first butterfly he may see for the season will have ill luck throughout the year.

CAFE AND DIVAN AT ALGIERS.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY SISTER.

BY LENA B. PHILLIPS.

The pale rose drops its lily buds
 Above her mossy grave,
And the mourning weeping-willows
 Slowly above her wave.
There my brown-eyed sister sleeps,
 With the cold sod on her breast,
And her white hands meekly folded,
 In peaceful, happy rest.

We robed our darling in snowy white,
 Twined bright blossoms in her hair;
And pressed a long kiss on her brow—
 So very young and fair.
Her merry voice is hushed in death,
 We shall ne'er hear it more,
Until we meet mid that blessed throng
 Upon the promised shore.

The breezes murmur around her last home,
 While the pale rose bends its head,
And the wild bird chants solemnly
 A sad requiem to the dead;
Though I may wander to other climes,
 Far away on the ocean deep,
I will ne'er forget the mossy grave,
 Where my brown-eyed sister sleeps.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY FIRST NIGHT ASHORE.

A NAUTICAL SKETCH.

BY DUNCAN MC'LANE.

Captains G. and C. were both at Smyrna, commanders of fine brigs, bound to Boston. This was to be the last trip of both captains, who having scraped together a few thousand dollars, intended to remain on shore and get spliced; in other words, to take unto themselves wives. The period of our history was "the good old times," when gold chains and wooden legs, rum, rows and bloody noses, were in fashion, and when shipmasters, as well as sailors, were in the habit of swearing without rhyme or reason.

Now the two captains aforesaid, were warm, personal friends, and entered into each other's plans of future anticipated happiness with as much interest as if they had been born brothers. They overhauled the bad habits they would have to discontinue, if they wished to appear respectable on shore, and among these, swearing, they decided, must be cut off first. With this object in view, they bound themselves in honor, not to swear or use a profane word during the passage home, and to make themselves more careful, drew up in writing an obligation, that the offending party should forfeit to the other the sum of $150, or if both sinned, the amount of their obligations should be appropriated towards "the conversion of the heathen." They next discussed the use of rum and tobacco, but came to the conclusion that these were necessaries of life at sea, and it would be time enough to cut them off gradually after they were settled on shore. One thing at a time was considered well enough, especially as neither of the captains cared much for rum, only as a means of drinking each other's health.

Full of good resolves and pleasant hopes, they had a parting glass or two of unadulterated Jamaica, and then set sail with a fine, whole-sail breeze, bound to Boston. Their brigs were both armed clippers of 250 tons, well manned and found. It was delightful to see them skimming side-by-side, out of the bay, with sky-sails fore and aft, and studding-sails on both sides; but when they cleared the Grecian Archipelago, the wind came ahead, and they separated on opposite tacks, and met no more during the passage.

The Crow was commanded by Captain G., and as we are mostly interested in her fortunes, we will give a brief sketch of her captain. He was about forty years of age, five feet seven inches high, very stout, but not fat. His face was full and open, and though he could frown, a good-natured half-laugh was habitual to him. One could always see his teeth. He was a good man to all under him, and like the general run of American shipmasters, looked out sharply for the interests of the owners.

With head winds and calms, his patience was sorely tried in working down the Mediterranean, but he did not swear, and fortunately he caught a fair slant through the Straits of Gibraltar, while hundreds of vessels were lying at anchor. Among them, he thought he saw the Pigeon, commanded by his friend, but was not sure. With the broad Atlantic before him, a fine vessel under his feet, manned by as gallant a crew as ever trod a ratlin, he clapped the canvass on her, and away she went in glorious style. In eighteen days he was within three hundred miles of Boston, and made sure of being in by New Year's Day; but unluckily a tremendous northwest gale came on, and he was compelled to heave his vessel to, under a close-reefed main-topsail. The gale increased to a hurricane, blew away his topsail, and snapped the main-yard in the slings. The weather too, was intensely cold, so much so, that the sea froze almost as fast as it fell upon her decks. Iced up to the leading trucks, and several of his crew disabled, he was compelled to up stick and stand for the Gulf Stream to be thawed, and at the same time to have a chance to get another main-yard aloft. Suffice it to say, after repairing damages, he lost another main-yard, and a whole suit of sails, and was at one time so badly frost-bitten, that he was half inclined to bear up for Bermuda; but remembering that the Pigeon must also have the same gale, he concluded to weather it out while he had a stitch of canvass to spread. After three weeks of incessant toil, during which time he never turned in or shifted his clothes, he was fortunate enough to reach Boston at last. His first question to the pilot, who boarded him, was:

"Has the Pigeon arrived?"

"No, sir, not a vessel has arrived for three weeks."

"Thank God," sighed Captain G., "I've got along thus far without swearing, and it will be (here he paused), no, I wont say it, *hard*,—that's the word without a handle to it,—if I don't get along with a clean mouth to the wharf. Pilot, when you get her pointed right, come down in the cabin and have a drop of stuff to thaw your between-decks out."

Captain G. had been so much on deck, exposed to the weather, that he was quite light-headed, and his very eyes seemed to have been diminished and puckered by incessant watching, so that he only covered the bottom of the glass, when he exchanged courtesies with the pilot, aware that he was too weak to dive deeper. It had been well for him, if he had then resolved not to drink any more that day, as the sequel will show.

His owners were upon the wharf to receive him with a carriage, and the moment he landed they hurried him to the custom house, entered the vessel and then drove him to one of their houses where an excellent dinner was ready. They were rejoiced, for their vessel had a cargo on board which was in great demand, besides they had won several heavy bets from the owners and backers of the Pigeon.

We will now relate Captain G.'s experience in his own words as nearly as we can remember:

"I had a glorious dinner, with such drinking as ought to be a warning to all salts, who may be used up at sea. In vain I protested against having my glass filled, the ladies insisted, and the gentlemen compelled me to drink again and again, till I nearly fell from my chair. At last I became desperate, for I felt myself gradually sinking into insensibility; and jumping abruptly from the table, demanded in a voice of thunder, that I should be sent home, without further parley. The weather was awful; a heavy fall of snow was melting under the influence of a south-west rain storm, alavanches were thundering from the tops of the houses, and the streets were covered with gully a fathom deep. My mother, brother and sisters resided in Roxbury, and I may add, my sweetheart also, all of whom, I knew, would be waiting to receive me with open arms. A carriage and four were soon placed at my disposal, with a steady driver, to carry me home, and as we wallowed through Washington Street, and across the Neck, I enjoyed a few cat-naps, waking up now and again, full of the idea that I was still at sea, and that the brig had either broached to or fallen off by the lee. A scramble or two to get on deck, however, restored me to consciousness, and again I would drop off, only to be woke with another bold dash to get on deck. When I reached home my hat was full of cable-tier pinches, and my face was as black as my hat, even the red which the rum had thrown over it, was under clouds of darkness. But all this made no difference to my kind mother and sisters, nor to her who was shortly to be mine forever; they covered me with kisses and embraces, till I was almost as drunk with joy, as I was with rum. Stupid and weather-beaten as I was, my heart beat wildly with pleasure as I received and returned their warm embraces; all the sufferings of a life-time were forgotten in a moment; but I felt myself drunk, my tongue was too large for my mouth, and I could not speak the joys I felt.

"The excitement of meeting over, my sweetheart held a looking-glass before me, and jokingly asked how long I had been in the coal trade. It was evident that I had been mopping the floor of the carriage with my face. The ladies, however, soon put a clean face upon me, curled my hair, and tried to make me cheerful; but I was too far gone to enjoy their company, so I asked my mother to light me to bed. While following her up stairs, my head reeled twice or thrice, I fancied myself once more on board the brig, and when I entered the bed-room, in answer to a request to take off my boots, I addressed my mother as the mate: 'Now, Mr. Brown,' I said, 'keep her on this tack till twelve o'clock if no change takes place in the weather, but if any change happens, be sure and call me;' so saying, I bundled into bed, boots and all. A minute or two afterwards, I opened my eyes and saw a light burning on the table, when I jumped out of bed and roared: 'You steward, take away this light; how often shall I tell you never to leave a naked light anywhere? You'll make me swear yet in spite of anything I can do to avoid it.' My brother came and took the light, so, once more, boots and all, I bundled into bed. About midnight, a terrible squall burst upon the house; the window-blinds slammed from side to side, the rain rushed down in torrents, and the very house rocked to its foundation. Full of the idea that I was still at sea, I jumped out of bed and landed on all fours over a chair. There could be no mistake in my imagination, the brig had been thrown on her beam-ends, and the sea was making a fair breach over her; I thought I heard the mate, too, calling the men aft, to cut away the mainmast, the very last thing I would think of doing. Determined to countermand the order, I scrambled to the cabin door, and made a bold rush up the attic stairs to reach the deck; but in my progress a long-handled rat-trap seized me by the heel of my left boot, and went clinkety-clank as I bounded up. At the head of the stairs was a flat sky-light, through which the moon shed her troubled light, and this was the companion-way. A desperate dash at it, head on, like a bull at a gate, sent it frame and all into the back-yard. I was now in the companion-way and could see the whole deck, and what a sight! There lay the brig on her beam-ends, or nearly so, for the roof of the house was to me the deck; she was pitching and rolling in the trough of the sea, but her masts (the chimneys) were still standing. Steadying myself as well as I could in the companion-way, I mustered courage, and roared out in my usual style: 'Who's at the wheel?' 'Jim,' somebody answered (it was probably the creaking of the window-blinds below). 'Very well, Jim, ease her as she pitches, and take care she don't pitch you overboard. Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown,' was my next halloo, and distinctly I heard him answer, 'Ay, ay, sir.' 'Send the men aft at once, to clew the main-topsail up. Do you hear me?' 'Hear h—l,' an old salt growled out close to my ear. 'Who's that swearing; bring the reprobate here and I'll skin him alive. Did I not tell you I was going to do all the swearing this passage myself? Ease her, ease her, Jim,' I said, turning to the man at the wheel, for she pitched dreadfully. 'Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown,' I bellowed out a dozen times, but got no answer. 'Mr. Brown, for the last time and be —— to you (I did not say it, though I felt mad enough to swear through a mile of bibles), answer if you don't come!' 'Ay, ay, sir,' fell faintly on my ear, as if the speaker were in the main-top.

"Raising my eyes aloft and changing my position, I was almost swept out of the companion-way by a heavy sea, which came thundering over the quarter and swept the decks fore and aft (it was the first installment of an alavanche), and filled the cabin. 'Steward, steward, turn out, you lazy (lubber, I was going to say) fellow, and shut the companion-way. Bring up my so'-wester with you.' Turning my eyes again to the main-top, I sung out: 'Don't you cut a rope-yarn, Mr. Brown, or I'll kill you, by ——, by something, that's not swearing. Come down and get the main-topsail off her.'

"Becoming restless, I turned my attention again to the deck, and hallooed with all my might: 'Men, lay aft here, and square the head yards,' for a sudden gust of wind had swept away the main-topsail, and left nothing but the naked yards (it was no doubt an old shirt or some other piece of linen, which had been caught up by the gale and tossed across the field of view). Rendered desperate by having all my orders neglected, I made a bold push on deck, and scrambled to reach the weather rail (the ridge of the roof), which I effected with great difficulty, but did not swear. And now, O, horror of horrors! the brig was bottom up, and I alone was upon her keel. Appalled with the disaster, I could hardly pray. For a moment, I was silent, but feeling the rat trap still fast to my heel, I ventured to cast a glance at it, and thought I saw a man struggling to reach me (it was an old red shirt which had become tangled with the trap in the attic). My humanity was aroused, but in reaching out my hand to aid him, I lost my balance, and a heavy sea (an alavanche) sweeping over me, away I went overboard, heels uppermost, into a pile of sloshy snow in the back-yard.

"Here was a subject for a painter; an old salt wrecked in a snow-pile, with a red shirt hoisted on the handle of a rat-trap for a signal of distress. How I struggled to the surface I can't say, but in striking out, I clutched a clothes' line, stretched across the yard, and hung on for dear life till I got the water out of my eyes. What a change met my bewildered sight! The brig was booming along under a crowd of canvass, and I was towing astern I could see the lights in her cabin windows.

"'Hulloa, there!' I shouted, 'hulloa! on deck, there! hulloa, ship ahoy, man overboard!' when up went one of the cabin windows, and my brother sung out:

"'Who's there? What do you want?'

"'Want, you son of a ——' (no, I darsn't swear). What is there in swearing that makes it so sweet to the taste of a sailor in distress? But I had made up my mind not to swear, and I smothered the rising malediction that was half-hatched in my mouth. 'Want?—haul the main-sail up, back the main-yard, and bring the brig to the wind. Ease off the jib sheet. Do you hear? Down with the helm, and stop her way, or she'll tow my arms off. I can't hold on another minute!' All this time I was holding on to the clothes line and striking out with both feet.

"In another minute lights were beaming through every window, and soon women in petticoats, and my brother in his drawers, came to the rescue. I was carried bodily into the house. And such a picture! my face was covered with blood, my shirt and waistcoat were in tatters, and my pants were split from clew to earing, but the rat-trap still stuck to me like a brother.

"'How came you in the yard?' inquired my mother. 'What's the matter, brother?' 'Dear me,' said my sisters. 'How badly you bleed,' said my sweetheart. 'Tell me how you have hurt yourself?'

"'Stop, for mercy's sake don't ask any more questions, I can't tell you without swearing, and I'm under bonds not to swear! O, what would I give to open my lower tier upon everything an inch high, and an hour old! But it must not be.'

"I was confined to the house a week, before I was able to show myself abroad; but a month elapsed ere I was myself again. About this time the Pigeon arrived, with nothing but her lower masts and bowsprit standing. She encountered the same gale farther east, that I had experienced, and in addition to the loss of her topmasts, had to throw her guns overboard. Her bulwarks, boats and galley were also gone, and poor C. was reduced full fifty pounds in weight, since he left Smyrna.

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"Yes—a library indeed! and, allowing the letters average three pages each, they would fill thirty thousand volumes of four hundred pages each! Thirty thousand volumes filled with the hopes, the wishes, the joys, the woes, the plans and purposes of nearly a million of human beings! What a heart-history and brain-history that correspondence of a single year must contain! He who should have the privilege and patience to read through that vast amount of manuscripts would have a perfect knowledge of that mysterious mechanism, the human heart—a knowledge more profound than can be obtained from all the books of all the schoolmen that ever loaded the shelves of libraries with treatises on metaphysics and philosophy. In that unexplored mine, the novelist would find materials richer than the imagination ever conceived. Those fragile missives, secured by a single seal, would unfold tragic tales of deeper interest than ever inspired the Tragic Muse. There would be evidences of attachment pure, high and noble, and burning brighter in the dread ordeal of absence; there would be sorrows "such as press the life out from young bosoms," and joys almost too deep for utterance.

There, too, would be found false words, the coinage of perfidious hearts—professions of love as imponderable as air, the musk of hatred deep and undying. Thousands of letters, with black seals, carrying death, instead of life, to expectant friends. Thousands of letters, like the casket of the Arabian tales, which, opened, gave birth to a huge monster—the pageants of castle-builders, the mirth of children, the devotion of lovers, the schemes of misers; and all this movement and interchange of thought is secret and confidential. The mail-agent, the steamship captain, the many employees, through whose hands this tide of intercommunication flows, know absolutely nothing of the springs they put in motion. They feel not the pulsations of the million hearts that depend upon their fidelity and fortunes. Very little of this vast tide of information ever overflows directly upon the public, though it influences society by its action on individuals. And this whole system, on which we have been commenting, is of modern origin; the interweaving of their silent and invisible links that bind the whole human family together, and permit mind to respond to mind, is a comparatively new creation. The world, a few centuries back, was in Cimmerian darkness, compared to the light it now enjoys.

A Boston Wag.—A shopkeeper in this city, remarkable for his whimsical advertisements, about the time of the Revolutionary war, gave notice to his friends and the public, that he kept constantly for sale "crooked stockings for negroes; also leather breeches and other sweetmeats." That style of shopkeeper is now extinct.

Polygamy.—A man named Jarvis has been committed for trial in London, charged with having married six wives. He was detected in the very act of making love to a seventh victim. It will go hard with him in London, but in Utah he would be a saint.

Yankees.—The real Yankees are the Scotch of America, outwardly cold, severe and selfish, but inwardly true and steady, and just about as warm as people brought up to be just before they are generous, usually are.

Good Simile.—That was a capital comparison of a sharp lawyer, who said: "Chancery is like a mouse-trap—easy to enter, but not so easy to get out."

Quite cool.—A prospectus was issued in Paris, recently, for a joint stock ice company, but met with a *cold reception*.

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FOUR MILLIONS OF LETTERS!

"About four million letters per annum are exchanged between the United States and Great Britain. What a library these letters would form!"

"Yes—a library indeed! and, allowing the letters average three pages each, they would fill thirty thousand volumes of four hundred pages each! Thirty thousand volumes filled with the hopes, the wishes, the joys, the woes, the plans and purposes of nearly a million of human beings! What a heart-history and brain-history that correspondence of a single year must contain! He who should have the privilege and patience to read through that vast amount of manuscripts would have a perfect knowledge of that mysterious mechanism, the human heart—a knowledge more profound than can be obtained from all the books of all the schoolmen that ever loaded the shelves of libraries with treatises on metaphysics and philosophy. In that unexplored mine, the novelist would find materials richer than the imagination ever conceived. Those fragile missives, secured by a single seal, would unfold tragic tales of deeper interest than ever inspired the Tragic Muse. There would be evidences of attachment pure, high and noble, and burning brighter in the dread ordeal of absence; there would be sorrows "such as press the life out from young bosoms," and joys almost too deep for utterance.

There, too, would be found false words, the coinage of perfidious hearts—professions of love as imponderable as air, the musk of hatred deep and undying. Thousands of letters, with black seals, carrying death, instead of life, to expectant friends. Thousands of letters, like the casket of the Arabian tales, which, opened, gave birth to a huge monster—the pageants of castle-builders, the mirth of children, the devotion of lovers, the schemes of misers; and all this movement and interchange of thought is secret and confidential. The mail-agent, the steamship captain, the many employees, through whose hands this tide of intercommunication flows, know absolutely nothing of the springs they put in motion. They feel not the pulsations of the million hearts that depend upon their fidelity and fortunes. Very little of this vast tide of information ever overflows directly upon the public, though it influences society by its action on individuals. And this whole system, on which we have been commenting, is of modern origin; the interweaving of their silent and invisible links that bind the whole human family together, and permit mind to respond to mind, is a comparatively new creation. The world, a few centuries back, was in Cimmerian darkness, compared to the light it now enjoys.

A BOSTON WAG.—A shopkeeper in this city, remarkable for his whimsical advertisements, about the time of the Revolutionary war, gave notice to his friends and the public, that he kept constantly for sale "crooked stockings for negroes; also leather breeches and other sweetmeats." That style of shopkeeper is now extinct.

POLYGAMY.—A man named Jarvis has been committed for trial in London, charged with having married six wives. He was detected in the very act of making love to a seventh victim. It will go hard with him in London, but in Utah he would be a saint.

YANKEES.—The real Yankees are the Scotch of America, outwardly cold, severe and selfish, but inwardly true and steady, and just about as warm as people brought up to be just before they are generous, usually are.

GOOD SIMILE.—That was a capital comparison of a sharp lawyer, who said: "Chancery is like a mouse-trap—easy to enter, but not so easy to get out."

QUITE COOL.—A prospectus was issued in Paris, recently, for a joint stock ice company, but met with a *cold reception*.

SILK MANUFACTURE.

We present on our first page a characteristic Chinese picture, representing the patient hard toil of the domestic silk manufacturers of this strange and peculiar people. Where labor is so wonderfully cheap as it is in China, machinery is of little use, and hand labor, though so slow and toilsome, is actually more economical. Consequently, the elaborate specimens of ornamental articles which we receive in this country, are all the result of patient individual hand labor. The manufacture of silk, as represented on our first page, is of the most primitive nature, the simplest reels only being used, and adroit fingers accomplishing the rest. At this moment, when the Chinese are brought so prominently before the eyes of the world by the war with England, any matter relating to this marvellous race is very interesting. The picture is one of a sort of *silk-farm*. From an English work, we subjoin a description of this process:

"When the worms have cast their several skins, reached their greatest size, and assumed a transparent yellowish color, they are removed into places divided into compartments, preparatory to their spinning. In the course of a week after the commencement of spinning, the silken cocoons are complete, and it now becomes necessary to take them in hand before the pupæ turn into *moths*, which would immediately bore their way out, and spoil the cocoons. When a certain number, therefore, have been laid aside for the sake of future eggs, the pupæ in the bulk of the cocoons are killed by being placed in jars under layers of salt and leaves, with a complete exclusion of air. They are subsequently placed in moderately warm water, which dissolves the glutinous substance that binds the silk together, and the filament is wound off upon reels. This is put up in bundles of a certain size and weight, and either becomes an article of merchandise under the name of 'raw silk,' or is subjected to the loom and manufactured into various stuffs for home or for foreign consumption. Notwithstanding the apparent simplicity of their looms, they will imitate exactly the newest and most elegant patterns from England or France. The Chinese particularly excel in the production of damasks and flowered satins. Their crape has never yet been perfectly imitated; and they make a species of *washing* silk, called, at Canton, *ponge*, which becomes more soft as it is longer used."

HEELS VERSUS HEADS.

Ever since the advent of Fanny Ellsler, who turned all heads through the States, heels have been going up and heads going down. As a natural consequence, the higher the former are kicked upon the stage, the fuller the pit is of the latter. Pampered by the prodigality of applause bestowed upon them, the professors of the saltatorial art aspire to be teachers of philosophy. Their arrogance, however, is not of any recent date. Quinn, in his amusing anecdotes, gives us many instances of the important airs assumed by the European dancers as early as 1789. In that year the *artistes danseurs*, as they called themselves, met in a grand congress, published manifestoes, and passed memorials. "The minister wants me to dance," said the president, or rather presidentess, Mademoiselle Guimard; "let him look out—I can make him jump out of his place." Government finally interfered, and the son of Vestris (the god of dancing, as he called himself) was sent to prison. The parting of father and son was deeply pathetic. "Go, my son," said the former; "this is the noblest hour of your life. Take my carriage, and ask the jailor to give you the apartments of my friend, the King of Poland; I will pay for everything." We might laugh at this, if we did not remember that there are middle-aged men now living in this country who once upon a time harnessed themselves to the carriage of a dancer and drew her through the streets of an American city.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—We have carefully preserved and bound up this elegant illustrated weekly journal, considering it a most valuable addition to our library. There has been a steady and uniform improvement in its pages from the first up to the present time, but particularly has this been the case in the last two years, until we have now as finished and beautiful an illustrated paper as can be produced in Europe. We observe that the engravings are not hacked up, and rushed out unfinished, with ill-disguised haste, but there is an artistic finish to the whole, not only as it regards the numerous illustrations, but also in the typographical department. Ballou's Pictorial is highly creditable to American skill and enterprise.—*Merchants' Magazine.*

BY DEGREES.—We often hear people talk of leaving off bad habits by degrees, and it is a very bad sign. Webb, the famous pedestrian, who was a water-drinker, was once urging an intemperate friend to give up his indulgences, when the latter promised to do so by degrees. "By degrees!" cried Walker, indignantly; "if you should unluckily fall in the fire, would you tell your servants to pull you out by degrees?"

RURAL FELICITY.—"O," said a young lady at a party, while looking at the landscape painted on her plate, "what a beautiful cottage! I should admire to live in just such a one all the days of my life." The young gentleman beside her, anxious to know what would please, looked at the picture, and found it was a steamboat!

A CRUEL JOKE.—A hunchbacked man in the country once told Theodore Hook that he came straight from London. "Then," replied the wit, "you must have confoundedly warped by the way." The occasion was tempting, but nothing excuses an unfeeling jest.

ROBBERY.—Some rascals lately entered an unoccupied house in New York, and stole all the brass trimmings from the grates. They ought to be made to sit at *grates* that have no trimmings.

TALE-BEARING.—The retailer of a scandal is more contemptible than the inventor. He plays a secondary part, and has just malice enough to propagate what he has not the genius to invent.

APT CRITICISM.—An English writer once said that Milton's Paradise Lost was Parnassus Gained, but his Paradise Gained was Parnassus Lost.

VIRTUE.—One of the greatest constituents of virtue is never to do anything when alone, that we should be unwilling to do when in company.

NATURE.—The volume of nature is the book of knowledge, and he becomes the wisest who makes the most judicious selections.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

A six-horse coach, returning from Frankfort to Philadelphia, took fire, lately. No one injured.

Two gipsies have been arrested at Savannah, Ga., for swindling a man out of $1500.

Young Dean, the coachman, who married a rich man's daughter in N. York, gives her up for a time.

Mr. Randolph, an American spiritualist, has been experimenting publicly in New York.

The house of Hawthorne, consul at Liverpool, has lately been robbed of jewelry, etc.

The President's private secretary is a nephew of his, James Buchanan Henry.

The Medical World, edited by Dr. J. V. C. Smith, thinks all coroners ought to be doctors.

Every wooden leg that takes the place of one lost in battle is a *stump* speech against war.

Single or double, life's full of trouble; riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

The best sculptors in Paris receive, on an average, $4000 for statues ten feet high.

He who has a high forehead will have his eyes under it, and live all the days of his life.

The Illinois Central Railroad nearly pays the whole expenses of the State of Illinois.

No less than four brakemen were killed on the N. Y. Central Railroad in four weeks.

The Mexican revolution of Garcia fortunately turned out to be a bloodless farce.

A railroad from Jaffa on the Mediterranean to Jerusalem, is among the latest bubbles.

Hon. Mr. Morse, American minister to Bogota, has been well received by the New Grenadians.

A genuine Amati violin was recently sold in Paris at auction for 18,500 francs.

The "Garrotte Signalizer," is an article we see advertised in the London papers.

The poor inhabitants of Lapland have been reduced to feed on ground bark and oats.

The common wages paid for labor in the Western States is $20 a month and board.

There is a soup house in Philadelphia which has been in operation since the year 1814.

The ladies in Minnesota wear buffalo boots, a buffalo overcoat, fur cap and pantaloons.

A Bible distributor in Kentucky reports three ordained ministers who had no copy of the Bible.

A man named McGrain lately had his tongue bitten off in a melee in Oswego, N. Y.

It is said that Secretary Marcy intends making the tour of Europe next winter.

A PAIR OF MISERS.

Guy, the founder of the noble London hospital which bears his name, was a bookseller who lived in Stock-market, between Cornhill and Lombard Street. He was so complete a pattern of parsimony that the famous miser, "Vulture" Hopkins, once called upon him to crave a lesson in the art of saving. Being introduced into the parlor, Guy, as it was in the evening and dark, lighted a candle. Hopkins told him what he wanted. "O, sir," said Guy, "if that is all your business, we can just as well talk it over in the dark." Having said this, he put out the candle. This was enough for the Vulture, and he took his leave with this acknowledgment: "I thought myself perfect in the arts of saving, but you have taught me that I had one important lesson still to learn; I thank you for my instruction, and you may rest assured that my future conduct shall make amends for my past prodigality in candles."

A STATE WITHOUT TAXES.

The State of Texas is in a fine condition in regard to her finances. Her comptroller, in a recent report, represents that the State is out of debt, with a surplus of over a million of dollars in the treasury—a permanent five per cent. school fund of ten millions of dollars, an unappropriated public domain of one hundred millions of acres, which, if judiciously used, would subserve all the purposes of internal improvements required by the State, and a tax lighter than is imposed on any other people. The aggregate amount of taxable property is very nearly $150,000,000, being an increase of $22,500,000 over the previous year.

DOUBTFUL ENGLISH.—Dobbson, who is quite an illiterate, though would-be learned man, speaking of the existence of the small pox in a certain locality, said lately, in our hearing, "that the dreadful academic had been very instructive in the beginning, but that the doctors had made a general assassination among the inhabitants, in consequence of which the morality had deceased."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—Any persons already subscribers to "The Flag of our Union," whether in a club or otherwise, who will enclose us $2, and mention at the same time that they are on the subscription list of the Flag, shall receive our illustrated weekly for a year.

FOOTPRINTS OF LOVE.—Imagination is the finest sculptor and painter in the world; it is the food of love. The singer Thevenard, from seeing a beautiful female slipper, fell violently in love with the owner, and afterwards married her. Quite a Cinderella affair!

THE WO OF WEALTH,—Misery assails riches, as lightning does the hightest tower; or as a tree that is heavily laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.

PUBLIC SALARIES IN NEW YORK.—The city of New York pays over fifteen hundred thousand dollars per year for the salaries of her officials. The mayor's salary is $3000.

ILL HUMOR.—Ladies should understand that no accomplishments can supply the want of temper in the female sex. There are many Mrs. Caudles to whom this is a novel idea.

DEAR LUXURY—The vanilla bean, used in flavoring puddings, grows in Mexico. It sells at from $30 to $40 per pound.

SHORT AND TRUE.—A coffer without a lock shows that it contains no treasure; as a mouth always open denotes an empty brain.

THE GREAT
AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER,
BALLOU'S PICTORIAL,
IS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE, FOR
SIX CENTS PER COPY.

The only thoroughly established, finely illustrated, and carefully edited paper of its class in the country. Full each week of attractive tales, sketches, editorial gossip, stories of the sea, poetic gems, and foreign and domestic news. A whole volume of *original* reading in each number, and an average of *twenty* engravings per week.

NO FIRESIDE SHOULD BE
WITHOUT IT.

☞ The ladies like it.
☞ The gentlemen enjoy it.
☞ Children are delighted with it.

The number for the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Jewelled Talisman: or, The Puritan and Cavalier." A story of the time of Charles II. By Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE. A graphic delineation of life scenes in the days of the Puritans.
"The Widow's Light," a poem by ELIZABETH DOTEN.
"The Heir's Tragedy: or, The Tower of Doom," a legend of old England, by JOHN ROSS DIX.
"Impromptu of Thanks to my Husband," by BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.
"Henry the First, Beauclerck," a sketch of English history, by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.
"The Storm Spirit," stanzas by JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.
"The Emperor's Dream," a story by EMILY R. PAGE.
"Guitar Picnic Song," by FRANK FREELOVE.
"Gossip with the Reader."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Austria.
The Pass of Pir-i-zun, in the Persian Mountains.
Portrait of the late Hugh Miller, the Scotch Geologist.
View of a Punjaub Battery, entering the Durwanzal Pass, in India.
Scenes in Chicago, Illinois, showing, first, Clark Street Bridge; second, view of Lake Street; third, the Depot of the Illinois and the Michigan Central Railroads; and, fourth, a picture of the Chicago and Galena Grain House.
Portrait of Lieutenant George H. Preble of the United States Navy.
Representation of "The Pifferari," a Roman street scene.
Likeness of Ferouk Khan, the Persian Envoy to the Court of France.
View of the Town Hall, Leeds, England.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of the FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

In England, 1365 persons in every 10,000 attain the age of 50. In the United States, only 830 in 10,000 arrive at that age.

A fashionable duchess in Paris recently issued invitations for an evening party, with the words *sans crinoline* written on her cards.

Ex-Queen Christina, of Spain, is buying up a lot of palaces and things in Rome, with the intention of going to live there for good with her sons.

The loyal people of Weimar intend to erect, by public subscription, a monument to their late Grand Duke, Karl August, the friend of Goethe and Schiller.

Mr. Palmer, the American sculptor, has had an order from London for a duplicate of his "Indian Girl"—the masterpiece of his genius, owned by Senator Fish.

The French Emperor has now in his stables, six very fine American horses. The two horses he drives in his phæton are American, and in France are considered superior trotters.

The Emperor of Austria has ordered, at Venice, a bronze statue of Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveller, to be presented to the town, and erected on one of its public places.

Mr. Peter Bayne, a North Briton, of some literary eminence, has been selected to succeed Hugh Miller in the editorial chair of the Edinburgh Witness, the Free-church paper of Scotland.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The more true merit a man has, the more does he applaud it in others.

Some hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.

Remember that the man who talks about your neighbor to you, will talk about you to your neighbor.

He that marries for beauty alone, is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

Men often forget that many a privation has a hidden joy, as the flower blooms under the leaf. Shadow is sometimes shelter.

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel, than in that which we excite.

The intellect derived from philosophy is similar to a charioteer; for it is present with our desires, and always conducts them to the beautiful.

A character which combines the love of enjoyment with the love of duty, and the ability to perform it, is one whose unfoldings give the greatest promise of perfection.

Abu-Horaiah was making a daily visit to the Prophet Mustafa-Mohammed, who said to him: "O, Abu-Horaiah, let me alone every other day, that so affection may increase! that is, come not every day, that we may get more loving."

Joker's Budget.

A little bark will make a rope, but it takes a large pile of wood for a cord.

Why is a dinner like spring? Because a single *swallow* never makes it.

A New York preparation for the growth of the hair is called the "Kathairon." Cat-hair on is an ominous title, certainly.

Just for the fun of the thing, we should like to see a stuttering woman, a Quaker with a wooden leg, or a dead jackass.

No marking ink is so permanent as the printer's, and the name given you by his "font" outlasts that given by the font in church.

A man went into a printing office to beg a paper, "because," said he, "we like to read the newspaper very much, but our neighbors are too stingy to take one."

Thirteen objections were once given by a young lady for declining a match; the first twelve being the suitor's twelve children, and the thirteenth the suitor himself.

Muggins says he don't believe in the appearance of spirits in this world so strongly as he does in their disappearance. He lost a gallon of brandy and two baskets of champagne on the late election.

A man being asked by his neighbor how his wife did, made this answer: "Indeed, neighbor, this case is pitiful; my wife fears that she will die, and I fear she will not—which makes a disconsolate house."

Quill and Scissors.

A cast steam-hammer, weighing over two tons, and designed for forging shafts and heavy wrought iron, was recently cast at a foundry in Buffalo. The hammer when in place, so nicely is the machinery which is to control it adjusted, will be capable of any force, from delicately chipping an egg to forging a steamboat shaft.

Private letters from Russia speak of great reforms begun and projected by the emperor in the administrative department. The number of officials discharged for dishonesty or incapacity is large, and these charges, it is reported, are likely to touch persons in the highest official ranks.

Mythological subjects have long been banished from the French stage, but an attempt is about to be made to bring them into favor again. At the Opera Comique, a sprightly opera, called "*Psyche*," has been brought out, with some success; and others of the same kind are in preparation.

Two-pound loaves, to the number of 104,000, are now daily made in Madrid for account of the municipality, and sold at a reduced rate. Similar assistance has lately been afforded to various places near this capital, where the scarcity was occasioning much suffering among the poorer classes.

An esteemed clergyman of the Presbyterian church in Virginia, Rev. John Howard, was recently committed to an asylum for symptoms of mental hallucination. On the first night of his confinement he hung himself in his narrow cell.

—Adolphus Mauer recently went into a closet, in his house in Cincinnati, and drank from a jug which he supposed contained spirits. It was filled with a solution for cleaning silver ware. In five minutes from the time he drank it he was a corpse.

A daughter of Caleb Holmes of Plymouth, has died from the effects of an injury received about three weeks since by being knocked down by a runaway horse. She was a girl of much promise, and greatly beloved.

A new school of art has been built in Sheffield, England, at a cost of £7100. Towards this sum £5500 has been raised by subscription and in other modes. Its opening was celebrated by a "conversazione."

There is now living in Murray county, Georgia, on the waters of Holly Creek, a revolutionary veteran, who has attained the age of one hundred and thirty years. His name is John Hames.

An agricultural writer states that a solution of salt about as strong as sea water, will destroy lice on apple trees, insects on cabbages, and prevent the ravages of squash bugs. Pickle will destroy lice on cattle.

The Washington Union states that a land warrant for one hundred and sixty acres has been issued to George Peabody, Esq., the London Banker, for his services as a private soldier in the war with England in 1812.

H. Soper, gunsmith, of London, Canada West, challenges any one to shoot with him for $500 with any other weapon than his own patent rifle. The challenge remains open till the first of May next.

The London correspondent of the National Intelligencer says that Lord Palmerston gives many indications of a failure in health. He is over 70 years of age.

A superior vinegar may be obtained by mixing five quarts of warm rain water with two quarts of molasses and four of yeast. This decoction should be kept in a warm place for a few weeks.

The Richmond Despatch says there is no doubt that the cars will run through the Blue Ridge tunnel by the first of July. The tunnel is nearly completed.

Last season the fishermen of Gloucester cured about 105,000 quintals of codfish and halibut; estimating the halibut at 25,000 quintals, leaves 80,000 quintals of codfish.

A hostler in Brooklyn, L. I., was bitten in December last by a dog, and very recently died with all the terrible symptoms of hydrophobia.

A New York paper advertises, without a word of rebuke, that a woman with $25,000 is about to be raffled for in that city.

Thirty-two prisoners have made their escape from the Michigan State Prison during the present State administration.

Two brothers, named Pasio, have been arrested in New York for smuggling $2000 worth of diamonds, and other precious stones.

The St. Louis Leader says the Countess of Lansfeldt, Lola Montez, is lying dangerously ill in that city.

The exports from New Orleans to Boston, amount to some $9,000,000 a year.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. William R. Otis to Miss Mary H. Moody.
By Rev. Mr Clark, Mr. Ephraim C. W. Adams to Miss Frances A. Crocker.
By Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. William Smith to Miss Mary Dinsmore.
By Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. William James to Miss Jane Cleary.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John Paul to Miss Mary Spencer.
By Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. William Mason, of New York, to Miss Mary Isabella Webb.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Miles, Mr. Benjamin P. Knight, of Florence, Nebraska, to Miss Adeline F. Mason.
At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Albro, Mr. Joseph F. Rice to Miss Leonora S. Wing.
At Milford, by Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Samuel D. Nye to Miss Susan W. Brigham.
At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Daniel W. Hyde to Miss Amelia Ann Livermore.
At Watertown, by Rev. Mr. Loud, Thomas N. Hooper, Esq., of Norfolk, Va., to Miss Lucretia A. Boynton.
At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Rich, Mr. Edwin Foster to Miss Louisa Elliot.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Joshua B. Morse to Miss Laura A. J. Abbott.
At Taunton, by Rev Mr. McKeown, Mr. George W. Wilson to Miss Nancy Salisbury.
At Grafton, by Rev. Mr. Bliss, Mr. John J. Newcomb to Miss Cordelia Gould, both of Hardwick.
At Barnstable, by Rev. Mr. Doggett, Capt. James Bursley to Miss Mary A. Hallett.

Deaths.

In this city, Miss Amanda Simmonds, 20; Mr. Charles E. T. Holm, of Copenhagen, 46; Mr. John Joseph Osborn, 65; Mr. William Ward, 51; Mrs. Susan Cloutman, 32; Mrs. Sally Hall, 83; Mrs. Susan Evans, 52; Widow Mary Dench, 84; Mrs. Frances A. Tribble, 30; Miss Sarah Jane Black, 19; Miss Cornelia W. How, 16.
At Charlestown, Miss Lydia Thompson, 70; Mr. Nathaniel Willey, 49.
At Cambridge, Mr. Thomas Russell, 57.
At East Cambridge, Mrs. Bethia Wheeler, 70; Mr. Ira Wadsworth, 67; Mrs. Eliza Badger, 62.
At Roxbury, Mr. Thomas W. Rea, 42.
At Watertown, Mr. John H. Clarke, 62.
At Medford, Mr. Andrew Blanchard, 93.
At Lynn, Mr. John C. Webster, 51.
At Milford, Mrs. Lydia Caswell, 62; Mr. Gardner Haynes, 31.
At Beverly, Mr. Ezra Dodge, 77.
At Danvers, Widow Lydia Holt, 86.
At South Danvers, Mr. Orlando Southwick, 38; Mr. Timothy Covernay, 28.
At Manchester, Widow Sally Carter, 84.
At Belchertown, Mr. Daniel Jucket, 97.
At Taunton, Mr. Charles Macomber, 33.
At Attleboro', Mr. Daniel Richardson, 92.
At Millbury, Col. Jonathan Gale, 64.
At Chicopee, Mr. Moses Chapin, 64.
At Barnstable, Mr. Ezekiel Hall, 79.
At Portsmouth, N. H., Mrs. Lydia, widow of Hon. William Ham, 83.
At Portland, Me., Franklin Tinkham, Esq., 59.
At Livermore, Me., Col. Jesse Stone, 91.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ALONE.

BY J. B. REYNOLDS.

I'm alone, all alone, this eve, as I look
  Upon the mild starlight above,
And read, as I gaze, as if 'twere from a book,
  Of a beautiful, beautiful love.

I'm alone as I move mid the bustling crowd,
  As they heedlessly rush on their way;
And over my spirit there lingers a cloud,
  While every one round me seems gay.

I'm lonely at morn, as I wake from my sleep,
  I'm lonely at noon, and at eve;
And so in my solitude often I weep,
  Thus seeking my heart to relieve.

I may smile, it is true, but my heart is alone,
  For the smile does not come from the soul;
And O, could the thoughts of my spirit be known,
  They a volume of grief would unfold.

Alone! O, to be thus forever alone,
  Robs the life and the heart of its joy;
For often in solitude round us are thrown
  Many thoughts which our spirits annoy.

When the turmoil and bustle of day are at end,
  And the shades of the evening appear,
'Tis then that I need the warm smiles of a friend
  To dry up the lonely one's tear.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

AN HEIRESS FOR A SIXPENCE:

—OR,—

The Fortune-Teller of Newport.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

A BELLE AND A BEAUTY.

WHAT! tired of Newport, Nell?" and a handsome, black-eyed girl, with face of sparkling, piquant beauty, looked up from a ball-dress of white tarletane. "Why, coz, I'm astonished!"

"Yes, Aggie, it's a positive fact!" replied petite, fairy Nelly Vivian, from the depths of a comfortable lounging chair, tapping her tiny, slippered foot half-petulantly on an ottoman the while. "I'm tired to death of this ridiculous servitude to fashion! One don't *live* here, they only *stay*; and, I declare, I'd as lief be an oyster in the shell—if 'tweren't for being swallowed—" and her exquisitely moulded shoulders were lifted with a comical shrug—"as screwed up in corsets and whalebones, sitting stiff and pokerish in the drawing-room, and playing my lady! I do think it's provoking, Aggie! Why couldn't Aunt Sarah have taken us off into the quiet, green country for the summer, where one could romp, and pick strawberries, climb stone walls or apple trees, or come to dinner in a loose gingham, as I did last year at Uncle Harvey's? But not she! Lisette must needs receive orders to pack madame's thirty dresses, and then she posts off to Newport with us in her train; and all because the Hon. Mrs. Fitz-Faddle and Mrs. Flounce-to-Kill announced their intention of honoring this particular section of Uncle Sam's farm with their august presence! Now aunty would be a nice sort of a body, if it were not for her peculiar notions—"

"Which 'peculiar notions,' being interpreted, are," interrupted Agatha Marlow, drily, "that Aunt Sarah, herself an ardent votary of a certain goddess known as Fashion, and realizing that she has two marketable young ladies on her hands to dispose of—to wit, the beautiful heiress, Miss Vivian, and the poor, plain Agatha Marlow, frequents Fashion's courts in order to procure the two said young ladies those very necessary 'appendages—wealthy, and therefore *eligible* husbands."

"Just so!" said Nelly, "all but the poor, plain Agatha Marlow. How many times do you want me to tell you that you're a real beauty, Aggie? There, look into that glass opposite! Don't you see? Such eyes! such hair! such a rich bloom! Why, half these jaded belles would give their fortunes for your face."

And *my face* must make *my fortune!*" replied the girl, half bitterly, half-triumphantly. "That is," she added, with a short, quick laugh, "that is, if all these pleasure-seekers see as my partial cousin does. But do you know, cousin, that there are men who see no beauty in the face, except it have the pleasing accompaniment of a fortune?" and she spoke mockingly; "but I beg pardon, Nelly, you were speaking of Newport—go on."

"O, I've nothing more to say," yawned Nelly, "only I'm bored to death with dressing and undressing, lounging about the piazzas or parlors, getting knocked about in that tumbling surf, or sitting over interminable dinners with that conceited Dick St. Aubyn opposite, with his 'aws,' and 'reallys,' and 'pon my honors,' or watching the exquisite Count Alphonse Figaro endeavor to prevent starvation by imbibing the least possible quantity of food into that mustachioed, underbrush mouth of his! Ugh, Aggie!" And again the ivory shoulders, exposed by the loosely falling wrapper, were elevated with a comic shrug.

"It is such a *sad* lot to be both a beauty and an heiress!" quietly ventured Agatha Marlow, lying the ball dress across an arm of a sofa. "And that with being *both*, it is no wonder all the eligible men should strive to get opposite Miss Vivian at the *table d'hote*."

An unbiased listener would certainly have detected much of bitterness in the tone of the speaker, but good-humored, petted Nelly Vivian did not. She only rattled on gaily; and in a tone perfectly free from vanity, exclaimed:

"O, as to that, coz, I do believe I'm not frightful! but then, I aint a real *bona fide*, sparkling beauty like you! Blondes can't be, you know! As for being rich, I *am* thankful, for what could one do without plenty of money? Indeed, I shouldn't want to be poor, and perhaps have to go out and teach, and turn my accomplishments to account for a living, as some of the girls at the seminary were going to. But I *do* wish aunty wouldn't think as much of wealth! Just because I'm an heiress, and she happens to have me in charge to matronize round, she must needs set me up for a sort of automaton, hardly allowing me to stir or breathe lest I come in contact with the *canaille*, as she calls everybody outside her own 'set.' I declare, I don't believe but she was imported from China! There, they think all outsiders 'barbarians,' and that's her creed!"

"But Aunt Sarah wants to keep choicely the fortunate niece she has in store for the future Countess Figaro," responded Agatha, demurely "Don't you understand, Nell? Spite of her aristocracy and her dignity, she's actually manœuvering—yes, actually making a match for you."

"And she *may* manœuvre, for all me!" replied Nelly, rather undutifully, and very angrily—but quite as a petted school-girl who had never known any other law than her own will, would be expected to reply. "Aunty's displeased this morning, I know, because I wouldn't dance that last quadrille with the count, last night—and I don't care! and now I know the *why* of it! Make me 'Countess Figaro,' indeed! I never *did* like *apes!* Can't tolerate, for the life of me, bundles of starch, patent leather, Macassar oil, and shoe-brush faces!" And a long, ringing, merry, girlish laugh closed the tirade.

"But you *do* like a tall, manly form, chestnut curls, Roman nose, dark blue eyes, et cetera, that go to make up a handsome young artist, Nelly. Ah, don't blush!" And the dark, piercing eyes were bent scrutinizingly upon a crimsoned face.

"O, as to that," and Nelly nestled uneasily in her chair, and toyed somewhat nervously with her jewelled fan, "I am not going to deny but I was glad to see Gerald Lindsay! You see I met him there at Uncle Harvey's, last summer—he was boarding in Suncook, and out sketching every day—and used to come often to the house. It was queer, the way we met him. There was coming up a thunder-shower; and uncle came running into the house for all hands to come out and 'rake after,' so he could get the hay in; and Cousin Kate and I volunteered, and with old gingham wrappers and sun-bonnets on, we had been hard at work a half hour, when, looking up, and talking to Kate, as I supposed, I was answered by Gerald Lindsay! You see, he knew uncle—had been out in the field sketching—and, coming upon us, lent a helping hand. You may be sure we had some sport, Aggie, for I didn't care the least bit for him, he seemed so free and social—and so we went on talking like old friends, and then we three—he and Kate and I—rode on the load into the great barn together. I told him he ought to get down and sketch us, haycart, oxen, sun-bonnets and all! Well, I used to see him *so often!* We read, walked, sang and rode together—he and Kate and I;—and was it strange that when I saw him there in the hall last night, and he met me so cordially, I should prefer a quiet chat about these good old times, to a silly dance with that dandy count? No! And furthermore, I agreed to walk with him early this morning—he always walks early, very early, before the sun is hardly up in summer—and I did!"

"You did! Up before sunrise? Why, Nelly Vivian!" And Aggie seemed very much surprised.

"Yes, dear, I did actually get up at four o'clock, and was down there on the beach, while you, and everybody else in this great hotel, were still dreaming. Don't stare so, Aggie! I didn't disturb you—you didn't even stir on your pillow! What *would* aunty say?" and Nelly Vivian's eyes twinkled roguishly. "Such a nice talk as we had! and Gerald told me all about his success. You see he is poor, and has been painting a picture for the Academy, and it won the prize. *That's* how he could afford to come here, to this expensive Newport; though he's going to draw some 'Moonlight on the Waters,' and 'Sunrise from the Ocean,' and other pictures. How funny we *should* meet *here* again—wasn't it, Aggie? I hadn't forgotten him in the least nor he me! And in a fortnight he is going back to Suncook, and will see Cousin Kate and the rest—"

"And that's why a certain Nelly Vivian is so tired of Newport, then!" laughed Agatha Marlow. "Indeed, we must tease Aunt Sarah to take us straightway into some quiet, green country place! Ah, cousin, the secret is out! Why, child, you have no art!"

"Well, and who wants to be artful? *I* don't!" pouted the beauty. "I *meant* it, and I still maintain it—I *am* tired of this place, and mean to get away from it just as soon as I can!"

"After a fortnight, you mean!" added Aggie, demurely.

"Yes, after a fortnight," laughed the petted Nelly. "But hark! there is Lisette's knock! A summons to Aunt Sarah's room! Now for a lecture from Madam Propriety!" And smoothing her face, and assuming an expression of blended gravity and resignation, she followed the waiting-maid from the apartment.

THE INTERVIEW.

MRS. SARAH MARLOW, a well-preserved, handsome widow of "fat, fair and forty," without children of her own, but "matron" to her two nieces, viz., the fair, girlish blonde, Nelly Vivian, who had been left early to orphanhood, and the possession of a comfortable fortune of fifty thousand dollars, upon coming of age—and the sparkling girl of rich, brunette beauty, whom she had disinterestedly (?) taken from a younger brother's numerous and somewhat impoverished family, proposing to establish her in life by a wealthy marriage; this was the lady, attired in a fashionable morning wrapper, and cap profuse with tulle and ribbons, before whom the fair Nelly made her appearance, in answer to the Abigail's summons.

An expression of severity, almost anger, lingered on Mrs. Marlow's features; and, as Nelly sank into the *fauteuil* to which she waved her, she broke forth into a tone of much asperity.

"Pray, Miss Ellen Vivian, may I inquire what strange gentleman you were carrying on such a desperate flirtation with, last evening?"

"*Was* I flirting, aunty? Well, really, I didn't *know* it," replied the girl, very demurely. "How fortunate that I have somebody to fit names to all my actions!" And a saucy smile curved about her lips.

"Ellen, you are impertinent!" said her aunt, severely, drawing herself up haughtily. "But you have not condescended to inform me of the name and family of your new adorer."

"He has no family, being unmarried," returned the gay girl, wickedly punning upon her aunt's query. "By name, he is Mr. Gerald Lindsay, by profession, an artist."

"An artist? a *poor* artist, I suppose!" said Mrs. Marlow, sarcastically.

"A poor artist, with only a picture or two in the academy," responded Nelly, bowing with mock humility.

"And pray, may I ask also, where you met this gentleman before, for your greeting had the warmth of an old acquaintance, Miss Ellen?"

"At Uncle Harvey's, last summer, ma'am. Mr. Lindsay was at Suncook a long time."

"That accounts, then, for your being so wonderfully contented among rocks and bushes. And so this artist-lover has kept trace of your flittings, and followed us to Newport? Really, I fear the contents of his purse are at a low ebb. Poor artists cannot usually afford to tarry at such fashionably expensive summer resorts!" exclaimed the pompous lady, sarcastically.

Nelly's cheek flushed, and her eye sparkled.

"Aunt Sarah," she said, hastily, "I do not know that it concerns either you, or me, regarding the depths, or contents, of the gentleman's purse! The landlord will not send *you* his bills to settle. Nor do I want you to call Mr. Lindsay *my lover*—we have not come to *that*, yet!" And her cheek crimsoned.

"But *will*, shortly—at the rate you proceeded last evening! It looked a little like it—devoting yourself two full hours to a new-comer, to the exclusion of every other gentleman's attentions. Ellen, I was absolutely shocked. You show no appreciation of your position, or the proprieties of society!"

"Now, Aunt Sarah, what did I do so absolutely shocking? I was not simply surprised at meeting Mr. Lindsay here, but very glad; and was it out of character to show pleasure at meeting a friend in that gay throng?"

"Don't try to palliate your conduct, child! You are young yet, but you are old enough to know that bread-and-butter school-girls jump, and stammer, and blush, at meeting gentlemen in society; and then, not a lady in the hall would have refused Count Figaro for that quadrille, as you did."

"Ah, *there's* the rub, then, aunty, because I said 'no' to the exquisite count? But he didn't seem very disconsolate, with that rich Miss Deloir on his arm. He was easily consoled, I imagine. *One* heiress is as good a 'catch' as *another*' in his eyes!" retorted the young girl, provokingly.

"Ellen! Ellen Vivian, you shock me! How often have I told you how unladylike it is to use slang phrases!"

"Bless me, aunt, I beg pardon! Still I can't help thinking one fifty thousand is as good as another, in a fortune-hunter's eyes. And Cecile Deloir and your naughty Ellen have the misfortune to be similarly afflicted."

"Ellen Vivian, you are getting insane! Did I understand you to term the elegant, wealthy, noble Count Alphonse de Figaro a mercenary fortune-hunter?" And Mrs. Marlow put up both jewelled hands in astonishment.

"Even so, good aunty. You have spoken it! One cannot help their *suspicions*, you know, and I always make it a point never to *conceal* mine." And Nelly very quietly slipped a diamond ring off and on her finger as she spoke.

Mrs. Marlow's features settled into a grave, severe expression.

"Ellen, you are impertinent. This comes of petting and indulging you! You are a spoiled child. You are not worthy the honor the Count Figaro has paid you, by soliciting of me the pleasure of addressing you in person, to offer you his heart and hand."

"Ah!" and a little, ringing laugh floated out on the air, "pray, dear aunty, tell the elegant Count Alphonse de Figaro not to put himself to all that trouble, for I should most certainly refuse him, and, just as likely as not, tweak his perfumed moustache into the bargain. Why, aunty, I wouldn't have him if he was one solid lump of gold, and labelled *all over* with *titles!* See if in a fortnight he doesn't bend at the shrine of Miss Deloir! It wont break *his* heart to refuse him."

"Ellen, your language is very unladylike, and your decision will be regretted when too late. I *did* hope to see you a countess; still, there is another gentleman who has asked permission to address you—a scion of one of our first families, with wealth enough of his own to shield him from any such unfounded suspicion which you seem to entertain against the count—in fact, he is no other than Mr. St. Aubyn."

"Dick St. Aubyn! ha, ha, ha!" and the most melodious laugh that ever rang out from coral lips pealed merrily through the chamber; and then the gay girl rose, and snatching up her aunt's eye-glass from the table, put it before her blue eyes *a-la exquisite*, drawling out, "Aw, really, ma dear madame, you-aw really-aw must excuse me-aw! 'Pon ma honaw, I couldn't think of the thing-aw!"

An effort checked the smile stealing about the lady's lips. Drawing herself up haughtily, she cried: "Ellen, Ellen, stop! I command you! How rude, how unladylike, to descend to mimicry! Mr. St. Aubyn is a little affected, I know—but—"

"But I don't happen to fancy him, aunty! that's plain!"

"Child, don't interrupt me!" exclaimed Mrs. Marlow, growing angry. "Do you think I cannot read you? I tell you, you shall *not* throw yourself away on this penniless artist! His visit to Newport, and your midnight flirtations, shall be fruitless! *Fortune-hunters*, indeed! Which looks the most like it? Yes, answer *that*, child! which looks the most like it—these wealthy, accomplished, aristocratic, young men, you have designated with that title, or the poor, needy artist? Answer *that*, if you can, child!" And the lady cast a triumphant glance towards her listener.

But Ellen Vivian did not seem the least subdued by this exultant query. On the contrary, though an indignant flush mounted to her forehead, she did not allow any emotion save her own gay bantering tone to become infused into her reply.

"Pray, recollect, aunty, that Mr. Lindsay never knew me for an heiress, there at Uncle Harvey's, where we were such good friends. In plain ginghams and muslins, like my cousin Kate, how could he be expected to discover my wonderfully exalted position as mistress of the fortune which could give me satins, and silks, and diamonds? No, Gerald Lindsay is *not* to be placed on the same level with the two *gentlemen* of whom we have spoken. But one thing, aunty, troubles me. Don't—please don't—call me 'child!' I don't like it a bit!" And she pouted, and put on a comic assumption of dignity.

But Mrs. Marlow was not to be so won.

"Just so long as Miss Ellen Vivian resides under my roof, as my ward, I feel entitled to control her actions within proper bounds, and address her by what title I please," she replied, tartly. "Were you prudent, and possessed of a proper sense of propriety, like your cousin Agatha, I should not feel to hold the reins so tightly; but, really, Ellen, you are the most unmanageable, untamed girl I ever saw!"

"Do say 'young lady,' Aunt Sarah! You forget that I am eighteen in a few days—besides, we are not at home, either, but here at this great, fashionable Newport, where I want to pass for a grown-up belle. I declare, the day I'm eighteen—and that's day after to-morrow, August 10th, by the almanac—that very day I mean to make my will, and endow a charity school, or orphan's asylum with my monstrous fifty thousand, *then* see if I can't be freed from this eternal hampering restraint that you throw about me! *Then* if I want to walk, talk, dance, or sing with 'poor artists,' or anybody not up to the maximum of a millionaire, nobody'll question my movements, for I shall be a 'nobody,' myself. What do you think of the plan, Aunt Sarah?"

"I think it like all your other plans—whimsical and foolish!" replied the lady. "I should not be in the least surprised at anything you may do."

"O, I have it!" gleefully shouted the girl, after a pause, in which she had been lost in reverie. "Just see here! Wouldn't it be a capital idea to dress in disguise! say that of a beggar, or something of the sort, and implore charity of these troublesome lovers? Wouldn't it be a grand way to put them to the test? To find out which was noble and generous? Which cared for the heiress in her satins, or the heiress in her rags? Wouldn't it be a *nice joke*, aunty?" and she broke forth into a merry laugh.

"I only hope no niece of mine would ever descend to so low a joke as that!" replied Mrs. Marlow, in haughty, curt tones. "But we have spent time enough over this discussion. Let me observe more care and prudence in your conduct, hereafter, and, especially, do you not openly slight the count again. There, it is time for the 'dip!'—as Lisette entered with a bathing-dress on her arm. "Go to your room, and in a quarter of an hour join me, with Agatha, on the beach."

THE LETTER.

MORNING at Newport. Not that tardy hour when the sun stands high in the eastern heavens, and exhausted pleasure-seekers, scarce refreshed by their brief snatch of sleep, after a long night's revelry in the ball-room, creep, pale and jaded, from their pillows to yawn over a fashionable breakfast—not later, when the long strip of white sands, left high and dry by the receding tide, is covered with gay promenaders, or when, among the surf of the incoming breakers, the swarm of fashionable life meet for the refreshing "dip;" but early, early morning, while the orient was but one glittering belt of pale amber, gold and fire—when the dusky twilight shadows fled, abashed, as the day-god came flushed and exultant from the gentle bosom of Aurora, then, peeping over the horizon's rim, lingered to make a careful toilet before he started on his long, daily journey—and the mist curled up lazily over the waters—and the very waves, subsiding softly upon the beach, seemed sluggish and aweary, as if they, too, were kept up late o'night at some fashionable "hop," like the world of pleasure-seekers there by "the sounding sea."

But the sleepy waiters, opening and closing doors very softly, and walking in a sort of nightmare, dreamy state through the silent hotel galleries, and the active, busy, glancing little sea-gulls, skimming their white wings from breaker to breaker, were not the only early risers astir there at large, sleepy, exhausted, fashionable Newport.

To and fro, up and down the gray sands, his fine head uncovered to the soft sea-breeze, and a mingled expression of pain and contempt on his well-cut, noble features, fully revealed in the growing morning light; up and down the gray sands with nervous tread, and setting his heel firmly, angrily, in the soft, wet beach, trod Gerald Lindsay.

But what brought that curve of scorn and pain to his finely chiselled lip? Why did he grind his heel firmly into the gray sea-sands, as though he were crushing underneath something which had unmanned, weakened him? Let us see.

Ah, we have it! We will read this open note in his hand; it may furnish the key to the mystery.

"Miss Ellen Vivian begs to inform Mr. Lindsay that his note is before her; and it were almost needless to pen here what he must have *known* ere this, that his attentions were never construed into those of a lover, and that the mercenary purpose which has prompted him to such a declaration, after so recent a meeting, is fully read. ELLEN VIVIAN."

Yes, reader, so the note ran, in *bona fide*, intelligible chirography, and do you wonder now, that the artist's lip curled scornfully? that indignation crushed out the light of tenderness from his hazel eyes? that he clenched his hand over that insulting missive, and exclaimed bitterly through his shut teeth, "The heartless coquette! And I had *loved* her so?"

And this was the end of it all! those walks under starlit, country skies, and through whispering, country woods; those times they had read, sang, talked together, one short year agone; that walk they had taken together but yesterday, out on that same, sandy beach, in the gray morning twilight, with the eternal base of the ocean chiming a deep undertone to the swell of love in his manly heart; that interview in the crowded saloon, when she had forsaken others to linger by his side, and blushed when his dark eyes met her own. This was the end of it all! O, fickle, heartless, Ellen Vivian!

But it was over. He was only one the more victim to woman's wiles, for, how did he know but she had lured *other* men to like declarations as that contained in the sealed note he had slipped into Agatha Marlow's hand, "for Miss Vivian," last night when they separated in the drawing-room, and he could not find a moment alone with Nelly? But, no, she had not so insulted others! She had had no *poor* lovers; only wealthy and titled men—they whose positions entitled them to win the heiress. What mattered it if he *had* loved her one year ago, knowing her not in her present unattainable position? And that his poverty had closed his lips? What mattered it, that when his picture stood first among those that won academical prizes, he whispered: "With this, I will go to Ellen Vivian?" He *had* gone to her—poured out his soul and the wealth of a noble love in that letter—and *here* was her answer! A heartless, insulting rejoinder! Well, he would not break his heart for her! He would neither shoot, drown nor hang himself! He would not, even, go away from Newport, and have it said, "Poor Lindsay! He's an unlucky dog! Miss Vivian refused him!" Not he, she should not have that triumph! He would stay there and meet her, and be cold and haughty as she; and dance, and sing, and walk, and bathe, and join every pleasure excursion, and his silent scorn should be the arrow to pierce her false heart.

O, brave Gerald Lindsay! heroic, magnanimous Gerald Lindsay! That's right, sting the hand that wounded you! And so he tore that little dainty note into a thousand bits—bits so tiny you could not find a whole word thereon—and then crumpled them in his hand, and when a great breaker he had been watching bowed its crested head at his feet, and the "undertow,' whirled outward in one eddying, rapid current, it bore along, absorbed in its embrace, the fragments of that cruel letter, far, far away into the engulphing sea.

"So will I cast out from my heart every vestige of this mocking, maddening love! So will I fling it from me, and the shifting waters of life, and change, and circumstance, shall bear it far away to return nevermore," said Gerald Lindsay, in a firm, proud tone, as, with arms folded over his breast, he watched the last tiny bit whirled away till it became undistinguishable in the flecks of creamy foam. Then he turned away, and slowly retraced his steps to the hotel.

O, wilful, wicked, heartless Ellen Vivian! With your blue eyes and demure smile, and blushing cheek—that you should have done such a naughty, heartless deed!

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

THE day had passed, such a long, sultry, stifling day, as is the type of all sultry, stifling "dog days" at the sea-side, when not a breath of air stirs the curl on the distant waters, and the booming breakers heave their panting bosoms on the beach with a low, monotonous, droning sound. It was all over, the late breakfast, where belles, pale and languid from their last night's dissipation, sipped their coffee; the morning "dip," when old Neptune opened his hoary arms for blooming beauties, and new Venuses were born from out the deep; the forenoon naps in darkened chambers; the tedious ordeal of dressing for interminable dinners, with the clatter of glass and silver, and countless tongues, their troops of waiters, and endless courses, their brocaded, overdressed, elderly ladies, and sparkling belles in flounces, and laces and diamonds, ogling and flirting with tall, handsome gentlemen at their elbows, or over opposite at the *table d'hote*; the afternoon lounge through the long parlors, where couples sat at chess or bagatelle, or the piano and harp whiled away tardy hours; and now, at sunset, as a cool, soft sea-breeze sprang up, wooing heated brows to feel its touch, the tide of fashionable life poured out on the piazzas and balconies, or to the drive, or promenade upon the hard, dry expanse of beach, while a strain of wild, sweet music from the Scottish bagpipes, answering to the will of the player in the hall, floated out softly on the pleasant twilight air.

Arm in arm, with the many couples sauntering along the sands—his fine head bent down in quite a lover-like devotion to the sparkling, piquant, brunette face upturned to his—walked Gerald Lindsay and Agatha Marlow. A casual observer would have thought it a decided "love case;" ladies envied the brilliant beauty her handsome, *distingue*-looking cavalier; the gentlemen voted Miss Marlow a deuced fine girl; but never failed to add compassionately, "What a pity she hasn't a fortune!" One remarked to a lady on his arm, "Why, it strikes me that this Lindsay is somewhat of a truant! But a few days ago he was all devotion to that rich and pretty Miss Vivian—now he has eyes and ears only for this cousin of hers, Miss Marlow! Did you notice how desperately they flirted in the great saloon, last night, Alice?"

"Yes, but you men are *so* fickle!" gayly retorted his companion.

"Good evening, Miss Marlow, but where is your fair cousin, to-night? I did not see her at the tea-table. Not ill, I hope?" inquired the talented young lawyer Grey, hurrying along his affiancee, the pretty Marion Benoir, to overtake the couple.

"O, no, Squire Grey! nothing of the kind, I assure you. Nelly was deeply engaged in reading Tennyson's "Maud" to me, when Mr. Lindsay was so kind as to send up for my *compagnon de la promenade*. She *would* make me come, and preferred finishing the poem to Count Figaro's invitation," replied the sparkling beauty, with an animated smile.

At this moment the count bestowed a *distingue* bow in passing arm in arm with his boon companion, Dick St. Aubyn; and with a smiling compliment, Grey turned from Miss Marlow to his companion.

"And so Gerald Lindsay invited *her* for his *compagnon de la promenade?*" he said, with a queer smile. "It's my opinion, Marion, that the lady wouldn't object in the least to becoming his companion for the *walk through life!* I hope she will never have *that* chance, though."

"Why, Charles! why not?" echoed Miss Benoir. "Miss Marlow is certainly very handsome and accomplished, and seems amiable. Her only drawback is her poverty. Hers must be a very disagreeable situation—that of a poor dependent. But this artist is not rich, is he?"

"No, but in a fair way for a fortune, if growing fame will bring him one. Orders are pouring in upon him. You heard about his picture that took the prize at the exhibition?"

"Yes. And this Miss Vivian is very wealthy, I hear."

"All of that—a cool fifty thousand, stocks and real estate! We lawyers have an eye to these matters," he added, with a smile. "Nelly Vivian's fortune isn't her chief recommendation, by any means. Sister Anne was her chum at boarding school; and represents her as being good and lovely, and richer in the attributes of a noble, feminine character than in her possessions. Indeed, Marion, I did at one time seriously think of asking her to take me for better or worse, and as master of her nice little fortune; but a little, lovable beauty came along just then, and caused me to change my mind."

"And haven't you regretted it? It isn't too late to repent, even now," saucily replied the tiny, golden-haired creature upon his arm.

A bright, loving, tender smile, and a look that caused her eye to droop under his, was the only reply.

"And why don't you want Mr. Lindsay to marry Miss Marlow?" she inquired, at length, resuming the thread of their conversation.

"O, the *lady's* well enough! I've nothing against *her*, if she doesn't 'cut out' her cousin—that's the term you ladies use, I believe. But you see I've got a *better* match made up in my mind's eye. Lindsay is a splendid fellow, and Miss Vivian's fortune would give him a lift in the world, so he needn't wear himself out in his profession. That's the trouble with him! He throws might, and mind, and strength, into his pictures—paints *himself* into them, so to speak. Besides—and that's the best part of it—Nelly's just the girl for him; gay, lively, affectionate, and full of generous impulses; don't care a fig for admiration, or being a belle, and all that, like half the ladies here—a certain 'somebody' excepted, of course," glancing smilingly at the fair girl on his arm. "Mrs. Marlow, with all her fuss and feathers, can't work over sweet Nelly Vivian into a flirting, heartless belle! In *my* opinion, she had better take the *other* niece under her tuition; but there's little need of that, though, I reckon, at the rate she's going on with Lindsay. Look at them now, Marion."

And certainly, looking to where the brilliant Agatha Marlow leaned affectionately on the arm of her gallant escort, no one but would have set her down for one of two characters: either as being very much in love with the handsome, young artist, or bent on advancing to the very limits of *flirt-dom*, (how do you like our new-coined word, reader?) And, *en passant*, we will merely say, that under her gay, sparkling exterior lay a strong will, and a capability of loving with all the strength of a passionate woman's nature, but we must not anticipate, rather let our story unfold itself.

But to think of what *compliments*, "good," and "lovely," and "noble," Squire Grey had lavished on heartless Ellen Vivian! Well, it is no fault of ours. We could not unfold her true character to him. It has always been so, from the days when our good "foremother," Eve, listened to the enticing serpent. Women are riddles, and it takes a long, sometimes a life-study to read them, and, even then, some remain unsolved.

And so the party went on their way adown the beach, till, advancing from an angle in an abrupt, sandy cliff, came hobbling towards them a strange, bent figure, in the dusky gloaming.

"Whom have we here!" cried Grey, stopping and facing the apparition. "By Blackstone, it must be the shade of Moll Pitcher, the witch of Lynn! Can it be possible that her spirit, haunting the shores of the 'sounding sea,' has come to visit us here at Newport? Come, Marion, let us go nearer. Halt! spirit or mortal, witch or ancient goody!" And he raised his cane menacingly to the figure slowly advancing towards them.

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"Go on your way, young man! go on your way! She you would win will not bow down to a golden calf!" then motioned him aside.

A hearty laugh ran through the group.

pering, country woods; those times they had read, sang, talked together, one short year agone; that walk they had taken together but yesterday, out on that same, sandy beach, in the gray morning twilight, with the eternal base of the ocean chiming a deep undertone to the swell of love in his manly heart; that interview in the crowded saloon, when she had forsaken others to linger by his side, and blushed when his dark eyes met her own. This was the end of it all! O, fickle, heartless, Ellen Vivian!

But it was over. He was only one the more victim to woman's wiles, for, how did he know but she had lured *other* men to like declarations as that contained in the sealed note he had slipped into Agatha Marlow's hand, "for Miss Vivian," last night when they separated in the drawing-room, and he could not find a moment alone with Nelly? But, no, she had not so insulted others! She had had no *poor* lovers; only wealthy and titled men—they whose positions entitled them to win the heiress. What mattered it if he *had* loved her one year ago, knowing her not in her present unattainable position? And that his poverty had closed his lips? What mattered it, that when his picture stood first among those that won academical prizes, he whispered: "With this, I will go to Ellen Vivian?" He *had* gone to her—poured out his soul and the wealth of a noble love in that letter—and *here* was her answer! A heartless, insulting rejoinder! Well, he would not break his heart for her! He would neither shoot, drown nor hang himself! He would not, even, go away from Newport, and have it said, "Poor Lindsay! He's an unlucky dog! Miss Vivian refused him!" Not he, she should not have that triumph! He would stay there and meet her, and be cold and haughty as she; and dance, and sing, and walk, and bathe, and join every pleasure excursion, and his silent scorn should be the arrow to pierce her false heart.

O, brave Gerald Lindsay! heroic, magnanimous Gerald Lindsay! That's right, sting the hand that wounded you! And so he tore that little dainty note into a thousand bits—bits so tiny you could not find a whole word thereon—and then crumpled them in his hand, and when a great breaker he had been watching bowed its crested head at his feet, and the "undertow,' whirled outward in one eddying, rapid current, it bore along, absorbed in its embrace, the fragments of that cruel letter, far, far away into the engulphing sea.

"So will I cast out from my heart every vestige of this mocking, maddening love! So will I fling it from me, and the shifting waters of life, and change, and circumstance, shall bear it far away to return nevermore," said Gerald Lindsay, in a firm, proud tone, as, with arms folded over his breast, he watched the last tiny bit whirled away till it became undistinguishable in the flecks of creamy foam. Then he turned away, and slowly retraced his steps to the hotel.

O, wilful, wicked, heartless Ellen Vivian! With your blue eyes and demure smile, and blushing cheek—that you should have done such a naughty, heartless deed!

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

The day had passed, such a long, sultry, stifling day, as is the type of all sultry, stifling "dog days" at the sea-side, when not a breath of air stirs the curl on the distant waters, and the booming breakers heave their panting bosoms on the beach with a low, monotonous, droning sound. It was all over, the late breakfast, where belles, pale and languid from their last night's dissipation, sipped their coffee; the morning "dip," when old Neptune opened his hoary arms for blooming beauties, and new Venuses were born from out the deep; the forenoon naps in darkened chambers; the tedious ordeal of dressing for interminable dinners, with the clatter of glass and silver, and countless tongues, their troops of waiters, and endless courses, their brocaded, overdressed, elderly ladies, and sparkling belles in flounces, and laces and diamonds, ogling and flirting with tall, handsome gentlemen at their elbows, or over opposite at the *table d'hote*; the afternoon lounge through the long parlors, where couples sat at chess or bagatelle, or the piano and harp whiled away tardy hours; and now, at sunset, as a cool, soft sea-breeze sprang up, wooing heated brows to feel its touch, the tide of fashionable life poured out on the piazzas and balconies, or to the drive, or promenade upon the hard, dry expanse of beach, while a strain of wild, sweet music from the Scottish bagpipes, answering to the will of the player in the hall, floated out softly on the pleasant twilight air.

Arm in arm, with the many couples sauntering along the sands—his fine head bent down in quite a lover-like devotion to the sparkling, piquant, brunette face upturned to his—walked Gerald Lindsay and Agatha Marlow. A casual observer would have thought it a decided "love case;" ladies envied the brilliant beauty her handsome, *distingue*-looking cavalier; the gentlemen voted Miss Marlow a deuced fine girl; but never failed to add compassionately, "What a pity she hasn't a fortune!" One remarked to a lady on his arm, "Why, it strikes me that this Lindsay is somewhat of a truant! But a few days ago he was all devotion to that rich and pretty Miss Vivian—now he has eyes and ears only for this cousin of hers, Miss Marlow! Did you notice how desperately they flirted in the great saloon, last night, Alice?"

"Yes, but you men are *so* fickle!" gayly retorted his companion.

"Good evening, Miss Marlow, but where is your fair cousin, to-night? I did not see her at the tea-table. Not ill, I hope?" inquired the talented young lawyer Grey, hurrying along his affiancee, the pretty Marion Benoir, to overtake the couple.

"O, no, Squire Grey! nothing of the kind, I assure you. Nelly was deeply engaged in reading Tennyson's "Maud" to me, when Mr. Lindsay was so kind as to send up for my *compagnon de la promenade*. She *would* make me come, and preferred finishing the poem to Count Figaro's invitation," replied the sparkling beauty, with an animated smile.

At this moment the count bestowed a *distingue* bow in passing arm in arm with his boon companion, Dick St. Aubyn; and with a smiling compliment, Grey turned from Miss Marlow to his companion.

"And so Gerald Lindsay invited *her* for his *compagnon de la promenade?*" he said, with a queer smile. "It's my opinion, Marion, that the lady wouldn't object in the least to becoming his companion for the *walk through life!* I hope she will never have *that* chance, though."

"Why, Charles! why not?" echoed Miss Benoir. "Miss Marlow is certainly very handsome and accomplished, and seems amiable. Her only drawback is her poverty. Hers must be a very disagreeable situation—that of a poor dependent. But this artist is not rich, is he?"

"No, but in a fair way for a fortune, if growing fame will bring him one. Orders are pouring in upon him. You heard about his picture that took the prize at the exhibition?"

"Yes. And this Miss Vivian is very wealthy, I hear."

"All of that—a cool fifty thousand, stocks and real estate! We lawyers have an eye to these matters," he added, with a smile. "Nelly Vivian's fortune isn't her chief recommendation, by any means. Sister Anne was her chum at boarding school; and represents her as being good and lovely, and richer in the attributes of a noble, feminine character than in her possessions. Indeed, Marion, I did at one time seriously think of asking her to take me for better or worse, and as master of her nice little fortune; but a little, lovable beauty came along just then, and caused me to change my mind."

"And haven't you regretted it? It isn't too late to repent, even now," saucily replied the tiny, golden-haired creature upon his arm.

A bright, loving, tender smile, and a look that caused her eye to droop under his, was the only reply.

"And why don't you want Mr. Lindsay to marry Miss Marlow?" she inquired, at length, resuming the thread of their conversation.

"O, the *lady's* well enough! I've nothing against *her*, if she doesn't 'cut out' her cousin—that's the term you ladies use, I believe. But you see I've got a *better* match made up in my mind's eye. Lindsay is a splendid fellow, and Miss Vivian's fortune would give him a lift in the world, so he needn't wear himself out in his profession. That's the trouble with him! He throws might, and mind, and strength, into his pictures—paints *himself* into them, so to speak. Besides—and that's the best part of it—Nelly's just the girl for him; gay, lively, affectionate, and full of generous impulses; don't care a fig for admiration, or being a belle, and all that, like half the ladies here—a certain 'somebody' excepted, of course," glancing smilingly at the fair girl on his arm. "Mrs. Marlow, with all her fuss and feathers, can't work over sweet Nelly Vivian into a flirting, heartless belle! In *my* opinion, she had better take the *other* niece under her tuition; but there's little need of that, though, I reckon, at the rate she's going on with Lindsay. Look at them now, Marion."

And certainly, looking to where the brilliant Agatha Marlow leaned affectionately on the arm of her gallant escort, no one but would have set her down for one of two characters: either as being very much in love with the handsome, young artist, or bent on advancing to the very limits of *flirt-dom*, (how do you like our new-coined word, reader?) And, *en passant*, we will merely say, that under her gay, sparkling exterior lay a strong will, and a capability of loving with all the strength of a passionate woman's nature, but we must not anticipate, rather let our story unfold itself.

But to think of what *compliments*, "good," and "lovely," and "noble," Squire Grey had lavished on heartless Ellen Vivian! Well, it is no fault of ours. We could not unfold her true character to him. It has always been so, from the days when our good "foremother," Eve, listened to the enticing serpent. Women are riddles, and it takes a long, sometimes a life-study to read them, and, even then, some remain unsolved.

And so the party went on their way adown the beach, till, advancing from an angle in an abrupt, sandy cliff, came hobbling towards them a strange, bent figure, in the dusky gloaming.

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"Charity, good folks! Charity, for the love of heaven!" And she reached forth a brown, trembling hand.

"Rather a strong appeal that, mother," said Grey, drawing forth some coin, and putting it in the hand outstretched in the direction of the Count Figaro and his companion. "But can you tell fortunes?"

"Aw, yes, bless me! Can you-aw tell fortunes-aw, old woman?" drawled Dick St Aubyn. "Because-aw if you will read me-aw what lady-love-aw the fates may have in store-aw, I will give you this-aw," and he drew forth a half-dollar, "else you-aw depart penniless as you came-aw."

The old crone bent over the outstretched palm, as if reading it, but did not touch the coin. Suddenly straightening herself, she said in a sharp voice:

"Go on your way, young man! go on your way! She you would win will not bow down to a golden calf!" then motioned him aside.

A hearty laugh ran through the group.

"She rather *got* Dick *there*," said Grey, in an undertone: then he cried, "Come, count, stand forward, man! Fortune can hardly serve you so shabby a trick."

The count came forward.

"Madame Sybile, let it be *un bon* prediction!" he said, in bad French, but with a grave bow.

The fortune-teller bent over his hand.

"My gay gentleman has never crossed water," she began, in a mumbling tone, but sufficiently distinct to be heard by the listeners.

"Ha! what is that?" and the count started, then added, smiling blandly, "But a *pauvre* beginning. *Allons!* go on, madame."

"Noble blood, wealth, estates, hum! all is not gold that glitters."

"Our sybil is in a crusty mood," said Grey. "But what about his lady-love? That's what he wants to know, mother!"

Again she bent over his hand, casting alternate glances into his whiskered face; the count twirling his immense goatee the while.

"Wert thou with Robinson Crusoe on his deserted island? and did he teach thee to dance? Thou art a good partner for the ball-room, but a sorry one for life. The lady will not have thee, my fine, whiskered gallant!" And she dropped his hand.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted all, in convulsed merriment; while the discomfited count, hiding his chagrin under a shrug of the shoulders, evidently designed to be "Frenchy," and muttered in good English: "She is the evil one! Come, St. Aubyn, let us leave the old hag!" And quite forgetting the fee, he dragged his friend away.

"But, charity, my good sir, charity!" And she caught at his coat with her brown, wrinkled hands.

"Get out, old woman! Not a cent from me, for your impudence!" was the Count Figaro's elegant rejoinder, in a suppressed undertone, as he shook free from her grasp; while the elegant Dick St. Aubyn, exclaiming, "Come away, ma dear fellaw! This is positively shocking-aw," drew him along, and they continued their walk.

"A fair specimen of foreign aristocracy and American democracy!" said Gerald Lindsay, sarcastically, as the couple moved away, for he had stood an amused, but latterly an indignant spectator of the scene. "Here, my good woman," he continued, approaching the bent figure, "though we do not care to dip into the mysteries of the future, yet here is the fee yonder gentleman denied you." And he offered a handful of silver, which example was imitated by others.

But the old crone waved every hand save the young artist's aside. Bending low, till her gray, tattered locks fell softly against it, she took from the open palm one solitary coin—a bright, silver sixpence; then, passing over the hand, traced out the "life line" and "table" with her long, brown finger, and said in a voice quivering with age:

"The fates shall not withhold good gifts from him who turns not away from the aged, nor refuses the appeal of the poor. Wealth, and honors, and a happy love await you. Now it is dark; there is a mistake somewhere; a serpent has crossed your path; but the future hath better days. My kind gentleman, I give you an old woman's blessing!" Then, bestowing one bright, flashing glance from the eyes hidden by the drooping hood, she gathered closer the scanty cloak, and, leaning heavily on her staff, hobbled away over the sands.

"Eccentric creature!" "Crazy!" "Love-cracked!" said the gentlemen, while their companions voted the affair "romantic!" "Singular!" And the little bent form enveloped in the red cloak went rapidly over the gray sands, and was soon lost in the deepening gloaming. But Gerald Lindsay, despite his gay smiles and jokes at the "crazy fortune-teller," could not wholly set aside the words of her prediction; the words, "there is a mistake somewhere," kept echoing through his brain; and Agatha Marlow—well, I fancy her thoughts were none of the pleasantest, for she went to her chamber immediately on gaining the hotel, and flung herself into a chair, saying, with a flashing eye, but pale lips, "Can it be that the old creature suspects me? Does anybody know, I wonder?"

"Did you speak, Aggie?" said a pleasant, girlish voice from the window, and a fair, white hand tossed a book to the dressing-table.

"O, is it you, Nelly?" and the girl rose with the frown banished from her features. "I was wondering what I should wear to-night! Come, isn't it time to dress? It was charming out on the beach! Better than staying here reading love poems, even Tennyson's."

THE CHALLENGE.

There was a brilliant "hop" that evening. Before many mirrors, fair belles and beauties draped their lovely forms in airy gossamer fabrics, and wreathed their dark locks with flowers and diamonds. These were they who lingered to add *eclat* to their established sway by the sensation of a late entrance; but already the great dancing hall was one blaze of gas. Dodworth's leader flourished his baton to the gliding measures of one of Strauss's waltzes, and those young belles just "come out," who make it a point never to miss a single dance, whirled to the music as though arrived at the very acme of enjoyment.

Mamas, in head-dresses and jewels, looked on with smiling faces; corpulent papas, outwardly well-pleased at their newly-fledged daughters' triumphs, but groaning in spirit the while, thinking how purses once plethoric as their owners were dwindling fast at this "expensive Newport," were gathered in groups; young America, in short waists and long appendages, immense seal-rings and fob chains, and "killing" fancy vests and neck ties, aped full-grown men by flirting desperately with smart young misses; tall, whiskered exquisites did the agreeable to fashionable belles; and, mingling with the crowd, as always do at these seaside summer resorts, was the thoughtful student, the elegant, classic scholar, unbending from his books to mingle in the gayeties of life—and much of worth and intellect—for even beneath the froth and foam of so-called "fashionable society," lies a clear, pure undercurrent, and intermixed with the glare and glitter of the tinsel show is the unalloyed gold.

So they mingled together, the purse-proud *parvenu*, whose innate vulgarity gold cannot gloss over; the link wherewith the human family is linked to monkey-dom, viz., the dandy; the gay, piquant belle; the newly-fledged school-girl, just out of pantalettes and into flirtations; and the worthy, talented and refined, the scholar, the statesman and the poet. Standing apart from all, looking a little moody and uncompanionable, was the usually gay and genial Gerald Lindsay.

Where was his heart that night? Not surely with the gay, whirling dancers; not with the flirting, ogling belles, or the little groups gathered in corners, or by doorways, or absorbed in the stirring music discoursed most eloquently by the band.

O, no! but with that fair, young girl whom for three long days and evenings he has been endeavoring to "cut" most decidedly, whose existence, even, he had ignored, whether at table, on the promenade, in the parlor, or at nightly festival.

And now, most knightly, gallant Gerald Lindsay, do you feel satisfied with yourself? Do you rest content? Is your triumph complete? Has little Nelly Vivian grown paler, or thinner, or eaten less, or lost a single dance or a whit of enjoyment, because for these three long days you have most zealously striven to show how completely, without hope of redemption, she has lost caste in your estimation?

Ah no! that we should so record it! Wilful, wicked woman! Evidently the jilt thrives on what she feeds upon. She who sent you that cool, heartless, unladylike note, cannot be overburdened with sensitiveness; seemingly she relishes highly your open admiration of her sparkling cousin; nor will allow herself to be overwhelmed by your sublime indifference. Ah, Sir Gerald, you cannot subdue her, you cannot subdue yourself, even; for, reader mine, just as much as ever, was that cold, frigid, unbending, obstinate fellow, arrant, naughty Nelly Vivian's slave.

And it was hard, very hard, to kick against the pricks of a love that stung him yet; and so he stood that evening, endeavoring to steel his heart against her, still uneasily watching the door for her entrance, endeavoring to be colder, haughtier, and more frigid than ever.

But belles, even those bent on creating a sensation by the lateness of their entrance at balls and fetes, generally arrive ere the midnight hours begin to wave, and so did Nelly Vivian and her brunette cousin; both matronized by their be-jewelled, be-flounced, and be-*rouged* aunt, Mrs. Marlow.

Now was Lindsay's hour of triumph. He deliberately crossed the hall to the party, entered the group of gentlemen already thronging around the ladies, bowed with *empressement* to Mrs. Marlow, bestowed a cold nod on Miss Vivian, then, with a fascinating smile, presented an elegant bouquet to the flushed and gratified Agatha, offering his arm for a promenade as the band struck up an inspiring march.

But Ellen Vivian showed no signs of mortification or pique at this open exhibition of coldness. On the contrary her blue eyes twinkled wickedly, a saucy smile crept among the curves of her pouting lips, and she laid her hand on Lindsay's arm, saying in a gay, bantering tone:

"No word for me, Sir Iceberg?"

A flush came faintly over the young man's cheek, but banishing it, and drawing his arm quietly from the contact of that little jewelled hand, he said, with a frigid bow:

"I have the honor of hoping Miss Vivian is in the enjoyment of her usual health, this evening."

A little, musical laugh rippled from the gay beauty's lips.

"Now I call that cold as a Nova Zemblan winter, don't you?" and she turned appealingly to the group. "Here we have a young gentleman who 'cuts' an old acquaintance without mercy for three whole days, meeting one face to face, and deliberately crossing over to 'pass by on the other side,' and then, when one accosts him, he bows, and frigidly says, 'I hope I find you well, madam!' Sir artist," and she turned a bright smile upon him, flinging one white glove at his feet, "I challenge you to meet me two hours hence in the music-room, where our differences must be settled. These gentlemen, the count and Mr. St. Aubyn, and then our friend Aggie, she will accompany you, to be our seconds in this *affair d'honneur*."

Lindsay paused a moment in irresolution. Was she in earnest? She could not mean it! But he would go! he would show her that he was not still her slave, that she could not regain her lost power over him! He would confront her there—ay, repeat word for word her insulting message, if need be—and thus shame her! He *had* loved her, but he despised her *now!* O, yes, he was very sure he despised her! Very pale, but calm, he stooped and picked up the glove, saying quietly, ere he offered his arm to Agatha Marlow:

"Miss Vivian, your challenge is accepted. I will meet you there."

"Ah, Sir Iceberg, you are good and kind. You do me honor. Pray, count, lend me an arm! Don't you see everybody moving? and do you think I can stand still when Dodworth's leader plays the 'Wedding March,' like that?" And the gay girl drew her gratified cavalier into the midst of the dense crowd.

THE EXPOSE.

It was just half past one by the gold repeater Gerald Lindsay drew forth, when, wearied with the glare and confusion of the ball-room, and wearier yet with the part he was acting, he sought the cool, quiet, deserted music-room.

Because of the pain it gave him, he would gladly have shunned this meeting with the gay girl who had bantered him to it; yet strange, undefinable feelings were in his heart, and something prompted him not to avoid her. Momentarily, that evening, had flitted through his brain, the prediction of the fortune-teller of the beach, and he could not help associating it with this anticipated meeting, though he smiled bitterly at the thought of those sarcastic words he had torn in pieces and scattered to the waters.

"Perhaps she did it but to try me," suggested his heart. "And yet, that is no excuse! If the hand penned such a base suspicion, the mind had conceived it, and is tainted thereby. But let it pass. I will go to meet her, and she shall learn that I am no boy to be trifled with, and to come to her side again at her bidding."

Agatha Marlow, smiling, self-possessed, and quite assured of the love of this man upon whose arm she leaned, but whose heart it was well she could not read, accompanied him hither. She had not hesitated, even that night, to drop into his mind vague hints of the admiration-loving propensity of her beautiful cousin, determined that no stone should be left unturned towards accomplishing her designs; so little did that artful girl heed the slight impediments truth and honor should have placed in her way ere she perjured herself.

They stood in the music-room adjoining the great saloon. The grand piano was untouched, no fair fingers touched the harp, music-books were unstirred, and only the echoes of the waltz, floating down the wide staircase from the dancing-hall, broke the stillness.

Lindsay handed Miss Marlow to the sofa, and stood leaning against the doorway. A wearied expression lay on his fine features, and he *was* wearied with the farce he was playing! From beginning to end, his self-imposed attentions to Agatha had been a matter of policy, as he thought, but now they were positively distasteful. Nature had not spoiled a noble, manly man, to constitute that anomaly of creation—a male flirt; and as he stood there, remembering the preference which Agatha Marlow had taken no pains to conceal that evening, and reflected upon his own attentions to her, his conduct seemed almost despisable in his own eyes, and he mentally resolved that the morrow should find him far away from Newport.

"Aw, bless ma, my dear fellaw, where is the fair challenger?" exclaimed St Aubyn, entering, closely followed by the count and Mrs. Marlow, and two or three other couples, all intimate friends, among whom was Grey, to whom the volatile Frenchman (?) had communicated *sub rosa*, the singular challenge of Miss Vivian. "Aw, it would be such a nice joke, if she failed, ma dear fellaw!" And Mr. St. Aubyn slapped Lindsay's shoulder in high glee, while Mrs. Marlow drew up her stately figure, and looked frigid as an iceberg.

"Ah, she will come! *Allons!* we shall see! *Les belles Americaines* are so brave, so *charmant!*" and the gallant count bowed in the direction of Agatha. "*Monsieur* Lindsay, *avez-vous les weapons?*" and he made a comical grimace to the young artist.

But suddenly, before there was space of time to reply to this pleasantly, a footfall came near the door, a shuffling sound, as of a staff moving over the floor, then, slowly over the threshold, came hobbling towards them, who do you think? The fortune-teller of the beach!

Uttering no word, she stood a full minute before the astonished group; then, moving slowly across the floor, put a folded paper into Lindsay's hand. He opened the *bona-fide* note he had torn into fragments and scattered to the Atlantic's tide!

"Why?—what?—" he began; but a fair, white hand stole from beneath that old, red cloak, and was laid upon his, and the tattered hood and gray wig fell to the floor. Before them, bright, blooming, and radiant with smiles, stood—Nelly Vivian! and four words, sweeter than any Gerald Lindsay ever heard, fell from her lips as she pointed to the paper crumpled in his trembling hand: "*I never wrote it!*"

For a moment he was oblivious to all else; then turned to hear Mrs. Marlow protesting herself "positively shocked," ere she went fuming from the apartment. And Agatha—it was wonderful, the pallor which overspread her face, as she followed her aunt in undignified haste; and St. Aubyn and the count slunk away in utter discomfiture and crest fallen silence. And, somehow, the others seemed to see the perfect propriety of stealing softly away, to leave those two alone.

And then—but what's the use of lengthening a story which, if the reader possess one particle of imagination, he can wind up fully to his own satisfaction? It only remains for us to add, by way of explaining the apparent mystery of the note, that artful, unscrupulous Agatha Marlow did not hesitate to acquaint herself with the contents of that entrusted to her by Lindsay, and then coin the base fabrication he had received in return. But she did not know how her fair cousin, feigning sleep, as Agatha rose early at dawn to pen that reply, and fancying herself fully possessed with the knowledge of a love affair, that she was endeavoring to conduct in secret, stole softly from her pillow while Agatha stepped into the gallery to summon Lisette to deliver the note, and appropriated to her memory to be copied afterwards, the contents of the hastily pencilled draft from which the note had been carefully copied! When Agatha returned, Nelly Vivian's cheek pressed the pillow, and her hard, regular breathing proclaimed a deep slumber. Ah, outwitted Agatha!

Of course nobody waited for the wedding that followed in due time, to talk over every incident, and the story got abroad, and it was in everybody's mouth there at Newport, how Nelly Vivian successfully disguised herself as "a frightful old fortune teller," and how the heiress was "won for a sixpence!"

I forgot to state that Dick St. Aubyn voted the whole affair a "pawsitively low-bred thing-aw," and the elegant Count Figaro turned out an aspiring barber, flourishing at Newport on the snug profits of a three years' vocation at the razor, and Miss Agatha Marlow's trunks stood outside her chamber door the next morning, labelled "Boston," and she bore her aunt company back to her home, a "sadder, yet wiser" girl.

Sydney Smith said of Lady Murray's mother, who had a most benevolent countenance, that her smile was so radiant that it would force a gooseberry bush to flower.

Housewife's Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Potato Flour.

Grate into a large vessel full of cold water, six pounds of sound mealy potatoes, and stir them well together. In six hours pour off the water, and add fresh, stirring the mixture well; repeat this process every three or four hours during the day, change the water at night, and the next morning pour it off; put two or three quarts more to the potatoes, and turn them directly into a hair-sieve, set over a pan to receive the flour, which may then be washed through the sieve, by pouring water to it. Let it settle in the pan, drain off the water, spread the potato-sediment on dishes, dry it in a slow oven, sift it, and put it into bottles or jars, and cork or cover them closely. The flour thus made will be beautifully white, and perfectly tasteless. It will remain good for years.

Irish Stew.

Take a couple of pounds of small thick mutton cutlets with or without fat, according to the taste of the persons to whom the stew is to be served; take also four pounds of good potatoes, weighed after they are pared, slice them thick, and put a portion of them, in a flat layer, into a large thick saucepan or stewpan; season the mutton well with pepper, and place some of it on the potatoes, cover it with another layer, and proceed in the same manner with all, reserving plenty of the vegetable for the top; pour in three quarters of a pint of cold water, and add, when the stew begins to boil, an ounce of salt; let it simmer gently for two hours, and serve it very hot.

Stair Carpets.

Stair carpets should always have a slip of paper put under them, at and over the edge of every stair, which is the part where they first wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpets against the boards beneath. The strips should be within an inch or two as long as the carpet is wide, and about four or five inches in breadth, so as to be a distance from each stair. This simple plan, so easy of execution, will, we know, preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips of paper.

Nice Pastry.

One pint of flour; a piece of lard the size of an egg; milk-warm water enough to mix it; beat well with a spoon or paddle into a stiff batter; when smooth take a small piece of the dough and roll thin on the bottom of a large dish; paste it with small pieces of lard; sift a small quantity of flour over it; fold it and roll out the crust. Pastry dough should never be kneaded.

Preparing Soups.

The spices used to give flavor to soup should be so blended and nicely proportioned, that no one should in the least predominate over the rest, for in this delicate blending of savors consists the charm of the dish. This faculty can only be acquired by great care and long practice.

Shoes.

Shoes should always be worn a little longer than the feet, so that their length makes the foot look narrow, which is a great beauty. A broad, short foot can never be considered handsome. Tight shoes impair the gait, and a large foot is, at any time, preferable to an awkward mode of walking.

Mush Waffles.

One pint of Indian meal into smooth, thin mush; when cool add two eggs well beaten; one cup of milk; one spoonful of salt; and flour enough to make the batter the proper consistency for waffles. Bake quickly in well larded waffle irons.

Tomato Dessert.

Take well-ripened yellow tomatoes, peel them, slice thin, and put them and crushed sugar in alternate layers; let them stand a few hours and serve with rich cream. Most persons who are fond of raw tomatoes relish this dish very highly.

Seasoning.

Mustard for immediate use should be mixed with a little fresh milk. It is the very best way to prepare it for the table, mixing only sufficient for the hour; this will keep it strong and high flavored.

A Safeguard.

If the clothes of children, after being washed, are rinsed in clear water, in which an ounce of pulverized alum has been dissolved, it will be very difficult for them to catch fire by accidental contact with the flames.

Stains on Mahogany.

A preparation for removing stains from mahogany is prepared thus: spirits of salts six parts, salts of lemon one part, mix well; drop a few drops upon the stain and rub until it disappears.

Burning Oil.

It is poor economy to try to use poor oil for burning. Less in quantity and better quality is what is wanted. Good oil goes sufficiently far in use to make up the difference in price.

Candles.

Candles improve by keeping a few months, burning better and longer for some considerable age. Those made in cold weather are best, and the box containing them should be kept in a cool place.

Morning Costume.

The morning costume of a lady should consist of a loose wrapper fastened with a cord and tassel at the waist, and with very plain cuffs and collar.

Wafers.

One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, two eggs beat, one glass of wine, and a nutmeg.

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Poet's Corner.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO IDA A. G.

BY JAMES WALTER GAINES.

Hope is beaming, love is bright,
When Ida's near my heart,
Not e'en the sun, or moon's pale light,
Such soothing joys impart.

Then let me clasp thee, dearest one,
To this fond heart of mine;
For thee I live, and thee alone—
Wilt thou not say, "I'm thine?"

A TEAR AND A BLUSH.

So bright the tear in beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of bashfulness
Even pity scarce can wish it less.—BYRON.

BEAUTY.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.—THOMSON.

Domestic Story Department.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HORSE THIEF.

BY CYRUS COBB.*

"I WILL tell you," said our host, as he laid his well-filled pipe upon the little shelf near him, and again tipped his chair against the side of the old kitchen, "I will tell you how I obtained her."

He referred to his wife, a woman of remarkably fine appearance, who had just left the room, after having cleared away the supper-table, and made the fire in the great old-fashioned fireplace crackle and blaze with renewed vigor. She was beautiful, in the truest sense of the word. Her behaviour towards us, since we had made our stop at the house, had been marked by that peculiar self-respect which adds so much to the appearance of a lovely woman. Our eyes were all instantly turned to the host with eagerness; for there was something in the tone of his voice, and in the manner with which he laid down his pipe and rested his chair back, which told us that something interesting—deeply interesting to him, at any rate—was about to be told. He waited until all was still, and then commenced:

"It was a good many years ago, when I was a young man—I think I was twenty-four years old—I was wandering through the Western States. My parents were 'well to do' in the world, and had given me a good education, with the very commendable motive of fitting me for some useful occupation in life. But as I began to bud into manhood, I became restless, and longed to be off somewhere—anywhere—so long as my roaming disposition—no, not exactly disposition, but fever—could have its cravings fed and satisfied. This longing gained upon me, notwithstanding the distress of my parents, who were not long in discovering the state of my mind. They used every means, which a devoted father and mother could think of, to divert my thoughts from this longing. But it was of no use—go abroad I must. I was now a full grown young man, and I could bear it no longer. So my folks, seeing that all their efforts were in vain, fixed me out with everything necessary for travelling, gave me their blessing and let me go.

"I now felt like a freed bird. I roamed here and there, until I at length found myself on the western borders. Here was excitement enough for me. Late in the afternoon, one day, I was wandering along through the country on the extreme borders. I had not seen a house for several hours. It was kind of attractive, and kind of dreary, too. The woods were very thick through here, and there was a savage air about the place which led my mind very often into imaginations of bullet-holes—I carried a rifle myself—knife-stabs, and scalped heads. The country around there did have a terrible reputation for such things—not by any means confined to fights with the Indians, but relating to lawless transactions between the whites themselves. Well, I wandered on until the sun had gone down and darkness had come on, when I saw a cabin off on a clearing which I had just entered. There was really a strong sense of relief on finding that I was in the presence of civilization, for, although I was by no means a coward, still the terrible gloominess about me made me long for some signs of a fellow-being.

"I quickly passed up the cart road to the building, and knocked—for although the door was open, which surprised me some, it then being late in the evening, I instinctively obeyed the impulse of home habit. There was no response to my knocking, so I repeated it louder. The stillness which succeeded the raps sent a creeping dread through me. Certainly the house was inhabited, for I could see that plain enough by the light of the moon, which enabled me to look about the premises some, and to see into the room through the open door. Then why was the door left open, at that time of the evening, and no lights to be seen?

"My mind was in this state of uncertainty, when I heard a sound which sent the blood thrilling through my veins with horror. It was surely a groan! Before I could move, it was repeated. I could not be mistaken now. A suppressed, gurgling groan it surely was. It seemed to come from the back part of the hut. I grasped my rifle in my left hand and loosened my knife with my right, and crept to the spot where the groans seemed to be. There was a small building there, which was probably used to store some kind of produce in. I made my way to it and cautiously looked in.

"Well might he groan—the man whom I saw in there. He was bound by thongs of leather to a beam. The thongs had cut deep into his flesh, during his efforts to get free, and the blood was oozing out and filling up the deep compressions which the hard leather made. He had been gagged with some old cloth, which he had loosened just enough to enable him to utter the horrible groans which had so startled me. As his blood-shot eyes met mine, he instinctively comprehended that I was a friend. His eyes gleamed with joy, and he tried to speak; but the effort only resulted in a gurgling, choking sound. His arms moved convulsively, with an impulsive attempt to reach them out to me, which carried the hard thongs deeper into his lacerated flesh. I quickly drew the gag from his mouth; but the relieving of his arms and legs was a much more difficult matter. It was critical work to cut the thongs without cutting the flesh; but I succeeded in a few moments, and he was instantly on his feet.

"He was a splendid specimen of a western pioneer—a tall, broad, muscular form, and strongly marked face—not with wrinkles, but with muscles. He was a powerful man! I soon learned the cause of his situation. In a few words he told me that a band of reckless ruffians, headed by a deep-dyed villain, who went by the name of Dick Hiskey, had surprised him while eating supper, bound, gagged, and left him tied, where I found him, taking off all that was valuable on the premises. All this he could have borne, but the villains had a worse object in view. They had carried off his only daughter.

"He was a widower. His wife had died about a year before, leaving him with no one but this daughter to comfort his lone heart. She had done everything, which a child's affection could do, to bring back happiness to his home; and well had she succeeded. Many a time had he fervently called God's blessing upon her, in the outpouring thankfulness of his heart. But now she was gone—torn from his home by a wretch of the basest kind.

"Dick Hiskey was the leader of a band of horse thieves, robbers and murderers. In fact, no crime was too frightful for their depraved and reckless spirits. He had seen Mary, the pioneer's daughter, and his base passions were aroused by the sight of her ripe and healthy beauty. The father scorned his approaches—for he did have the audacity to make overtures for her hand. His character was well known throughout that part of the country; and the idea of his coming to him, to sue for his Mary's hand in marriage, was loathsome. He did not hesitate to let the villain know his feelings—such feelings as could only be aroused in the heart of a doting father.

"Dick Hiskey was not the man to be easily baffled. There were now two motives for succeeding in his base designs—the determination to gratify his detestable passion and a longing for revenge. The pioneer knew enough of his character to make him careful and guarded, as well as anxious. Fear was not in his nature; but the love for his child made him intensely fearful in regard to her. Hiskey, also, well knew the character of the man with whom he had to deal; so that with all his reckless bravado, he was extremely cautious in carrying out his designs.

"The time at length came. The pioneer did not stop to tell me all the particulars. It was enough that his home had been invaded by the villain, while he was off his guard, his daughter carried away, and he left as I had found him. And he felt it was fortunate that I had found him as I did, for he had expected every moment to see the ruffians back again, to finish him. He wondered, as it was, why they had not killed him, for Dick Hiskey had a fiendish delight in drawing blood, to which many a victim could testify.

"But he was alive and free now; that was sufficient. He was not a man to take up much time in conjecture or talking. In fact, the information which he gave me was uttered in short sentences, with a deep, determined voice which sounded very peculiar to me, it was so steady and one-toned, and yet so full of intense inward excitement. He was determined to recover his child that night, if Heaven would aid him. He hardly seemed willing to ask me, a young man and an entire stranger, to help him. But there was no necessity of asking—for his misfortune instantly made me a fast friend, and the excitement of the adventure drove anything like fear from my mind; so that I was eager to be his companion. Then there was something romantic to me in the idea of rescuing a young and beautiful girl—for her father had told me that she was beautiful, and I had no reason to doubt him, for he did not talk idly. You must recollect that I was at just that age when such a romantic adventure would offer the greatest charms to my enthusiastic spirit.

"We were soon on our way through the woods, with our rifles carefully loaded and our knives ready for instant drawing. The villains had left the arms of the pioneer, from forgetfulness, probably, for they had taken everything valuable which they could find. But these were in a retired corner, in the shadow, and in their haste they had entirely overlooked them.

"It was now about ten o'clock. The sky was covered with half scudding and half heavy clouds, through which the light of the moon would try now and then to break, without success, and then all would be darkness again. My companion seemed to know where to find his enemies, for he kept straight on through the woods and across the uneven road with a determined and confident tread. I have before told you of the impression of power which his appearance made upon me. If I felt then that he was powerful, I by no means felt that impression less while we were striding on our way. There was combined with his appearance an air which told me that no common mind was in the man. The manner of reciting his account to me impressed me strongly with this belief—although his appearance, the physiognomy of his face, and the general expression of the whole man was enough. Then his manner ever since had been remarkable. It was calm, outwardly, and yet the excitement within was almost to bursting. His strides were long, and it seemed as though his feet would sink down into the ground at every step—so full of iron determination was his tread. I would often have to quicken my pace into a kind of trot, to keep up with him.

"On we went, through woods and bushes. Mile after mile was passed in that silence—a silence broken only by the howling of the wolves, the shrieks of the panther, the cries of other animals which I did not know, and the crackling of the bushes beneath our tread. Now and then a bird, disturbed from its roost by our approach, would fly screaming into the darkness. On we went, like two grim shadows, mile after mile.

"Once the moonlight shone down from a momentary break in the clouds. It rested upon the face of my companion. I turned my eyes up to his countenance, as it were, by instinct. I started at the look which was there. The moonlight came directly down upon his head, throwing the shadows of his strong brows down on to his face. His eyes gleamed with fierce intensity from the brow-shadows—lit up more by the fire within than by the moon. The powerful muscles of his face looked fearfully rigid in the downward white light. The clouds opened only for an instant—they closed, and all was darkness. I knew not why it was, but that glancing sight of the pioneer's face sent an iron strength into my own nerves. I was ready for anything. I felt a deep confidence that we should succeed.

"Well, we walked—if walk you would call it—for full four hours, when I became aware, by some open clearings which we crossed, that we were near the abodes of men. My companion now trod with more caution. He did not go on in a straight course, as before, but approached in an indirect kind of circle. Our tread was now noiseless as the grave. Under the guidance of the pioneer, I crept along in a manner which would have done honor to a more experienced second.

"Suddenly my companion stopped in the midst of a cluster of trees, and made a motion for me to remain where I was. He then approached to the edge of the forest, knelt down, put the tall bushes aside, and looked out. He appeared to look searchingly around and listen for some time, and then giving me a sign to follow, he stepped out into the clearing. I obeyed the sign and in an instant was by his side.

"I instinctively gave a tighter grasp to my rifle, and my heart beat faster. We were in the neighborhood of houses. I counted all I could see in the darkness; there were four. This, thought I, is the ruffians' settlement. I was not mistaken. The pioneer motioned me to be cautious, and then crept towards a house which was larger than the rest. We were soon under the shadow of the building, where we stood to confer together. This was Dick Hiskey's place, as I had suspected. The pioneer felt certain that his daughter was there, and he now set his mind energetically to work to find a plan for releasing her. I did not pretend to think. There was a certain air about my companion which drew all my attention to him. I stood waiting for his plan. All he wished was to get into the house without making a noise, and he would bid defiance to any mortal enemy in that place. He bid me stay where I was, and then disappeared around the side of the house.

"He had been gone but a few moments, when he returned and made known his discovery and plans. He had found an open place, which was used as a window, large enough to admit his body, in the upper part of the opposite side of the house. How he was to get in there, I could not guess; but he soon relieved my mind. He made known his plan, and we set to work. We went into the woods and found a young tree of the right size. We soon cut it down with our sharp knives, and took off the branches. We were fearfully still in our work. We carried it to the house and put the large end firmly into the ground, at such a distance from the house as to allow the other end to reach far enough into the opening so that the whole might be firm. The pioneer then peered into my face for a moment, and feeling assured by its expression that I was prepared to do my best, let what would come, he placed his hands on the tree, with his rifle strapped to his back, and in a few moments disappeared through the opening.

"I now listened intently, but no sound met my strained powers of hearing. All was silent. My heart beat hard against my breast, and my body ached, so great was the tension of all my nerves. The stillness was awful! Some time had now elapsed, and yet no sounds of any kind had met my ears. The tension of my nerves began to give way, and a fidgety nervousness take its place. I began to feel anxious for the pioneer. What if there should be more men inside than he had suspected, and they should be aroused by any noise and overpower him! I knew well that his strength could cope with ten times his number in a fair hand-to-hand fight; but here it might be different. His powers might be impeded by the presence of his daughter, if he should find her; and then, again, all the strength in the world would not be proof against a rifle-ball, even if fired from a coward's rifle. My nervous imagination now almost drove me mad. I could bear it no longer, and had just placed my hands on the tree to ascend—to die, if die I must—when a noise of fire-arms, loud voices, and bitter curses, mingled with the quick and heavy tread of men's feet, burst out upon the stillness. The next moment, I heard the cabin door crash.

"I cocked my rifle and rushed around the corner of the building just in time to send my ball into a dark figure, which was vomiting forth curses, while its right arm was just levelling a pistol at the head of the pioneer—whose gigantic form loomed up in the darkness—while a form in woman's clothing was clinging to him with desperation. I knew that it was Mary, and the thought sent a courage into my heart, and a strength into my nerves, which made me feel equal to a dozen villains. The ruffian sank under my rifle-ball, and in the next instant my knife was buried deep into the heart of another, who at this moment rushed from the cabin. With a horrible curse on his lips, he dropped dead at my feet. My blood was now up and boiling. I felt and acted like a tiger. Four more of the wretches now fell upon us, for the noise and tumult of the fight had aroused them from their sleep, and, always prepared for surprise, they were not long in arriving at the scene of action.

"They could not use their rifles before coming up to us, for the darkness prevented them from telling friend from foe. Better had it been for them had they been able to do it, for before they could fire, we were among them, using our knives with terrible rapidity. The pioneer had laid his now senseless child on the grass, at a safe distance from the fight, during the moment's interval after I had disposed of the second ruffian; and his enormous strength and astonishing agility were enough for the four men alone, I am sure. I felt equal to them myself; and between us both, we made short work of it. I tell you, my friends, my arm felt like moving iron. I aimed my blows with a concentrated rapidity which gave my foes no chance to use fire-arms, and but little chance to use their knives. Two or three more came up; but they merely rushed unto death—for the pioneer was now terrible in his aroused strength, and they seemed like children before his arm. My attention was all needed for myself, but once in a while my eyes would catch sight of the raising of his arm; then would come the almost crashing clang of a knife, and a head would disappear in the darkness.

"It was soon done. Every one of the ruffians were dead. It was done quicker than I have been telling it to you. We had not come off unscathed. I had received one or two rather severe wounds, and several slashing cuts; but none of them were dangerous. The pioneer had received a bullet wound in the left arm, and a knife slash on his side, which had cut through the clothes and slightly penetrated the flesh. This was all that we had suffered. His bullet wound he had received in the cabin from the rifle of Dick Hiskey, who was the first to sound the alarm. He was awakened from his sleep by the creaking of the stairs which the heavy form of the pioneer made while going down to the lower rooms. The ruffian did not rouse himself at first, which gave the pioneer—who was made intensely cautious by the creaking—time to release his daughter, whom he luckily found in the first room he entered. This done, he made for the outside door. Dick Hiskey, now fully aroused, seized his rifle and rushed out of his room. He hastily aimed it at the dim form of the pioneer, and fired. The bullet went through the left arm. The pioneer fired with greater care. The ruffian's form bounded upwards, and then fell with a heavy crash on the floor. The noise had aroused the other villains—the pioneer had burst through the door—and the rest you know.

"But it is getting to be bed-time; so I will end. We remained at the villains' settlement until morning, and then started for the pioneer's home with a horse and team—for there were plenty of horses on the place which did not come there honestly, I assure you. The remainder we took care of afterwards.

"Well, you can guess the rest of my story about as well as if I should tell you. Mary has been your hostess ever since you came here. I never had reason to be sorry for that dark night's adventure."

Our host rose from his chair, locked the doors, and lighting our lamps, he bid us good night; and we retired to our beds, to dream of finding beautiful maidens in the forests and fighting like lions for them.

*Brother of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

Floral Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Nor all-forgotten be those humbler flowers—
Daisies and buttercups—the child's first love,
Which lent their magic to our guileless hours,
Ere cares were known,
O, joyous time! through verdant meads to rove,
With wild flowers strewn.—T. L. MERRITT.

Passion Flower.

The crimson passion flower is the most showy of all the passion flowers, but it is strictly a green-house plant, and requires proper management. It is to be placed in a large pot of rich compost, and this sunk to the rim in an open border early in summer. It will grow ten feet the same season, and bloom profusely by the first of autumn.

Rose-Talk.

The old traditions are, that the rose sprung from the blood of Adonis—that it was white and scentless till Venus trod upon one of its thorns, and, with her blood, gave it color and scent. There is a poetical tradition, that Cupid gave color to the "blush rose" by holding it to Psyche's cheek.

Hot Water for Plants.

A writer in the Boston Cultivator recommends watering plants with water quite hot to the touch. The writer says he has fuchsias now in bloom, mere cuttings about six inches in height, not one failing out of seven, or even more cuttings, planted in a single pot and watered with hot water.

Flower Cuttings.

Cuttings of flower stalks, such as scarlet lychnis, should be done in May, June, and July. Take cuttings from the youngest flower stems, and plant them carefully in nice mould, like pipings. These flower cuttings should be in lengths of four joints each. They root in two months.

A Cranberry Border.

It has been suggested that instead of box, cranberries may be used as a border in gardens. Such a border could be perfected in a few years, and each rod in length would yield annually one peck of cranberries worth at least a dollar.

Hyacinth.

There are about 1300 varieties of this family of plants, comprising all the various hues as white, pink, red, yellow, blue, purple and crimson, etc. They begin to produce their flowers in open borders early in April.

Gardening.

Now is the time to dig up the flower garden and prepare the soil for early gardening purposes. Spade it well, toss in some ashes, and let it lay thus exposed to the action of the sun and night dews.

Garden Walks.

The main walk or walks of a garden should be laid out of liberal width, so that persons can walk comfortably. Reddish ground is a very good material to lay down the walks with.

Planting Flower Seeds.

As a general rule, the depth of planting flower seeds is to be governed by their size. For instance, the sweet pea and lupine may be planted an inch deep, and so on in proportion.

Liquid Manure.

A correspondent of the "Country Gentleman" says that a fine plantation of young apple trees was killed by being exposed to too much draining of liquid manure from a neighboring barn.

Dahlias.

If properly kept through the winter, in March or April they will begin to sprout around the old stems or tubers.

Narcissus.

The species and varieties of this plant are numerous. The double Roman narcissus is very sweet scented.

Jester's Picnic.

Rev. Mr. Peters, of Attleboro', was slightly eccentric, and used sometimes to lose his way in fits of abstraction. He was also so good-natured, that people might say anything they pleased to him. One day he strayed among some of his parishioners who were burning charcoal, but so blackened that he did not recognize a single one of them.

"Can you tell me," said he, "who I am, where I am from, and whither I am going?"

"O, yes," said they: "you are parson Peters, you came from Attleboro', and you are going to the wicked place."

The parson replied, drily:

"From the looks of the inhabitants, I should think I had got there already."

Some years ago, during a debate in the Massachusetts Legislature on a bill regulating the fisheries, a member who intended to speak on this bill fell asleep, during which the bill was disposed of, and one punishing crimes and immoralities was taken up. Just as the speaker was about to put the question, the member woke up, and supposing the fishery bill was still before the house, he rubbed his eyes and exclaimed:

"*Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I wish to have something to say on this bill, as two-thirds of my constituents get their living by it!*"

"Pompey" was an exceedingly dark complexioned negro, with prodigiously projecting heels. One day he was seen running as fast as his pickaxe feet would permit him.

"What's the matter!" asked his astonished neighbor.

"O," replied Pompey, as soon as he could breathe, and while his white eyes and teeth shone from his coal-black face, "O, a man tried to kiily me, and I'm so frightened, *I'm just as white as anybody!*"

One of the young ladies that visited the U. S. ship Portsmouth, the other day, who was not supposed to have the slightest knowledge of nautical parlance, asked Captain Dornin why the aftermost sail was like a tyrannical mother.

The gallant captain scratched his head over it awhile, and then "guv it up."

"Because it's a spanker," modestly lisped the important young miss.

"As in India, one day, an Englishman sat,
With a smart native lass at the window;
'Do your widows burn themselves? pray, tell me that,'
Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo.
'Do they burn?—that they do!' the gentleman said,
'With a flame not so easy to smother;
Our widows, the moment one husband is dead,
Immediately burn—for another!'"

A bad-tempered judge was annoyed by an old gentleman who had a very bad chronic cough, and after repeatedly desiring the crier to keep the court quiet, at length angrily told the offending gentleman that he would fine him £100 if he did not cease coughing, when he was met with the reply:

"I will give your lordship £200, if you will stop it for me."

Woman, to little boy.—"Jimmy, are your folks all well?"

Little boy.—"Yes, ma'am, all but Sally Ann."

Woman.—"Why, what's the matter with her?"

Little boy.—"O, nothin' partic'lar—only she had the hoopin'-cough once, and she haint never got over it. The cough haint of any account now, but she has the *hoop desper'te*."

Latour Maubourd lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room.

"None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master; "you know you are glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

In a town in Connecticut, a loafer was brought before a justice for being drunk in the street—the fine being one dollar for each offence. He paid the fine, and was arraigned the next day.

"No, you don't, judge," said he; "I knows the law—one dollar for each offence, and this is the same old drunk."

A lady being in want of a dyer, was referred to an excellent workman and something of a wag in his line. The lady called and asked:

"Are you the dyeing man?"

"No, ma'am, I'm a living man, but I will dye for you," promptly replied the man of many colors, putting the emphasis where it was needed.

When Tompkins, a roguish distiller of London died, he left a poor poet twenty pounds to write a laudatory epitaph for his tombstone.

Then wrote the bard, who lacking gold,
Was yet to tell a fib unwilling:
"This stone need not *his* worth unfold,
Who half his life was good in-*stilling*."

An old lady having kept a hired man on liver nearly a month, said to him one day:

"Why, John, I don't think you like liver?"

"O, yes," said John, "I like it very well for fifty or sixty meals, but I don't like it as a steady diet."

The old lady cooked something else for the next meal.

A father holding his little son across his knees and spanking him, the little urchin bit him severely on the leg, on which the parent said:

"You young dog! how dare you bite me?"

The boy turned his head, and looking him in the face, said: "Father, who began first?"

A jockey at the Maze races, England, asked an emigrant Yankee if they had any such swift horses in America.

"Swift?" said Jonathan; "why, I guess we have. I've seen a horse at Baltimore, on a sunny day, start against his own shadow, and beat it a quarter of a mile at the first heat."

A Harrisburg paper gives the following case of absence of mind: A girl, who was one of our first loves, was one night lighting us out, after having passed a delightful evening, and, in bashful trepidation, she blew us out of the door, and drew the candle behind the door and kissed it.

Jones says the first converted Indian he met, at the Sandwich Islands, had very primitive notions of propriety. He was peddling religious works, selling tracts for tobacco, and exchanging the New Testament for semi-occasional drafts of gin.

The verb "to go."—Monsieur Folaire, who is studying English grammar, says: "Ze vairb 'to go' is se most irregulairitest in se Anglis langvage. You hear him—'I go—sou departest—he clears out—ve cut stick—ye or you make tracks—zey absquatulate.' *Cre nom de dieu!*"

A lady correspondent writing to the Terre Haute Express on the subject of hoops, says: "Now, the poor hoops have to catch it. If a lady happens to have much scope on the sidewalks, they stare at her as if they never saw a cooper-shop before."

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[Written for The Flag of o[ur Union.]

THE TIGER [...]

—OR,—

THE WARRIOR PRIE[ST]

A Story of Military [...]

BY LAWRENCE G. S[...]

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

Now free to follow the direction he had been compelled to abandon, Don Rafael rapidly advanced to the ford of the Ostuta, still stopping from time to time, to wake the forest echoes with the simulated stroke of the woodpecker's bill.

After about an hour, he paused to gather some wild fruits to appease his hunger, and while thus engaged, listened with delight to the thousand vague and undefinable rumors which scarcely interrupted the profound silence which reigned around him. Noon was already passed, and the sun was beginning to shine obliquely, when Don Rafael rose and resumed his journey; then, through the last trees of the wood, he soon perceived the tranquil sheet of the Ostuta, flowing noiselessly through the tall canes which mingled on its banks. The breeze gently agitated the slender stalks and moving leaves of these green brakes, where, during the daytime the alligators move in the river mud while waiting for the freshness of evening. It was there also that Don Rafael was to seek like them an asylum, till the moment when darkness should permit him to continue his flight.

The colonel did not expect to await in the wood for the return of those who had vainly pursued him, and, when he had reached the river banks, he sought to observe what was passing there. From the last bushes in the skirt of the wood and the canes of the Ostuta, there was but a short space to cross, and he risked doing it.

The yellowish color of the stream, little foamy eddies formed by the river while caressing in its course numerous aquatic plants, whose broad leaves and flowers lay lazily on the surface, the undulations of its waters about some large stones thrown here and there, all indicated to Don Rafael, that he was in fact near the ford where, two years before, his expeditions in pursuit of Arroyo had often taken him, and of which El Zapote had spoken in the morning.

Hidden by the long stalks of gigantic reeds, he could see in the distance the tents of this chief of bandits, and his horsemen galloping on the opposite banks of the river. At this sight, his fiery passions were aroused, and he stretched forth his clenched hand with an air of menace towards the place occupied by the guerillero, the object of his hate.

Suddenly shouts and the trampling of horses resounding in the wood behind him gave him the alarm. They were Arroyo's riders returning to camp, disappointed at finding, instead of the colonel and the two other fugitives, only Suarez and Pacheco, safe and sound, but still horribly frightened.

There was not a minute to be lost, and Don Rafael, parting the canes with his hands, entered into the densest part of the deep thickets, which closed over his head; and when, a few minutes afterwards the horsemen passed close to his retreat at full gallop, the breeze quietly shook the green plumes of the canes without the keenest eye detecting the presence of the fugitive hid beneath their impenetrable mantle. Don Rafael soon heard the horses wading and splashing through the waters of the river, then the noise died away and was followed by deep silence. Long, weary hours followed each other till the moment when the sun, sinking from the horizon, flung, as a last adieu to the reeds of the river, long rays as sharp as fiery swords. After having reflected for a little while the last glories of the sunset, the waters of the Ostuta darkened, and their mirror only repeated the myriads of stars with which the arch of heaven was embroidered.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH DON CORNELIO THINKS HE HAS LOST HIS SENSES.

IF our readers have followed with any interest the perilous career of Don Cornelio Lantegas, there are two things they will be anxious to ask; in the first place, whether it was he whose head, according to Gaspacho's report to the bandit Arroyo, was found dangling from the gate of the hacienda del Valle; then, if it was only a namesake's, what has become of him since his depar-